
Licensed,

Nov. 11. 1691. Rob. Midgley.

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Scarronnides,

O R,

VIRGIL

TRAVESTIE.

A MOCK-POEM,

ON THE

Second Book

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNÆIS.

In English Burlesque. by John Smyth

Mart. Epig. 33. Lib. 1.

*Quem recitas meus est (O Fidentine) libellus
Sed malè dum recitas incipit esse tuus.*

L O N D O N,

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THE
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE hardy adventures of Rhime
and Meetre in this squeamish hu-
moursome Age, ought to sprucifie
their Thoughts with all the Decorum and
Embellishments of Language, and to ma-
nage every Line with that Conduct and
Address, the most accomplisht Beaux
would his Garniture, when he is to appear
before the Ladies of the Drawing-room,
or to pay his Devotion to the Beautifull
She-Saints of Covent-Garden Church;
since every Word, Phrase and Expression,
will be as unmercifully animadverted upon
by the one, as the Gentleman's Dress by
the

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*the other. And to say the truth, the Scribler and Beaux are equally Coxcombs in Print ; for every thing about him is set off with that starcht formality, that you may reade him in as fair and legible a character, after his Taylor and Valet have shut their hands of him, as you may the other, when he is freed from the Press by the no less laborious folly of the Printer. I stand not a little indebted to my Rhyiming Stars, that threw me upon this agreeable way of writing ; for I am sufficiently convinc'd, that what is but tolerably ridicul'd, cannot be altogether out of the mode. I have not taken more pains to burlesque my Author, than the greater part of mankind do to put the Buffoon upon themselves ; and here by the bye I would not have your humble servant excluded, for I sufficiently acknowledge my own vanities by writing so vainly. Folly is a main Ingredient in our Composition ; 'tis kneaded and workt up with the whole ; and there's not a Mothers Son of us all but may be a Fool at one time or another. But here's the Devil on't, when a man studies to play the fool. And indeed such a one is more beholding to Art and his own Industry than Nature ; for—
Nature's*

to the Reader.

Nature's as lame in making a true Fop
As a Philosopher; the very top
And dignity of Folly we attain
By studious search and labour of the Brain;
By Observation, Counsel, and Deep
[thought;
Nature ne'er made a Coxcomb worth a
[Groat. E. R.

*We think that Heaven has left us imperfect, and so we will e'en give our selves the finishing stroke. Nothing certainly is more natural to us than irresolution and uncon-
stancy; like the Winds, we are still veering
from point to point; the Scenes in our pub-
lick Theatres are not shifted so often as
our thoughts: 'Tis the very Essence and
Life (if I may so say) of the Soul to be in
motion; and like a Clock that is out of
order, we strike at such and such a time,
but not regularly. We need not look abroad
for any Vice, Folly, or Extravagancy
whatsoever; like the Ark of old, we have
all the respective Birds, and Beasts in
their kinds contain'd in our single selves,
even to Parrots, Daws and Cuckoes, and
the more diverting burlesque part of the
Crea-*

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Creation, Baboons and Monkeys. That most ingenious College of Philosophical Gentlemen in Moorfields, under the immediate protection and regency of that Lady bright, vulgarly yclep'd the Moon, cannot pretend to more unaccountable whims in their daily and publick Transactions, than those we are hourly guilty of: The wisest Head, and formallest Beard of us all have a large share of vanity to account for: Every day we give proof of some new folly or another; nor can I see how it can well be otherwise, since she is the eternal companion of our thought. We are ever rowling and shifting from one thing to another: Now I am a mere Recluse, sequester'd as it were from the affairs of th^e world, then up to the ears in business, a greater Politician than Nick Matchiavel, and at one dash confounding both Lewis le Grand and his Brother the Sultan, together with all his fellow Christians the Musselmen. This moment I am as grave and formal in my gate as a Spanish Don, or a Reader of a Parish marching in the front of a Funeral; the next as frolicksome as a capriny Monsieur, leaping and frisking about like the rough game in the Bear-garden when all
the

to the Reader.

the Crackers and Squibs are bouncing and fizzing round their ears : We differ as much or more from our selves than we doe from others: We are perpetually varying as occasion offers it self, like the Cameleon that still changes to the colour of the thing on which it happens to lie. The variety of our actions hath made some of opinion that we have two Souls, they conceiving it a thing highly irrational to suppose such different thwarting desires, affections and humours to proceed from one and the same principle; and indeed if we would consider the various and sundry capricio's of the Brain, we might enhance upon the aforesaid Gentlemen, and imagine we had two and twenty as well. We are such motly pye-bald things, that our conceptions and actions seem to be strip'd like those fashionable Stuffs that we wear, where there is still a variety of colours and figures interwoven through the piece.

Did not those high and mighty blusters of Rome, that perpetually alarum'd the Globe, scour'd Mankind, and bully'd the Universe, commit absurdities sufficient to render 'em ridiculous, and even register 'em for Fools to all posterity? You find
one

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one out of a wonderfull condescension and exemplary point of humility, playing at Nickers and Marbles, or Cherrypit, or some such Imperial Recreation, with a company of sooty-fac'd Negro-puggs : another belike out of a profound respect to his Steed (much the nobler Beast of the two) has a freak in his Royal Noddle to Regale him in a Manger of Gold, and to propose him to the Senate for a worthy member of that Noble and Venerable Society.

But we need not wonder at the trifling fooleries of our abovemention'd Grandees, since even the Philosophers themselves, those Oracles of Wisdom, and Reformers of Mankind (as they stile them) give us as pregnant instances of their follies, as the most accomplisht Fop-doodle of us all. Did not the Scepticks utterly discard the testimony of their Senses (those sole conveyances of knowledge, and nature's faithfull spies that constantly bring in intelligence to the Soul) and like a company of precious Owls, deny that they saw in open broad day-light? Was not that a pleasant whim of Anaxagoras to fancy the Sun a burning milstone, and afterwards stisfly to stand it out, and dye a martyr to his opinion?

to the Reader.

nion? Aristotle as some say dress'd high, and was a compleat Beaux; whilst others of a different Sect plac'd their devotion in Rags, and were superstitious even in nastiness: they avoided clean linnen as industriously as Luxemburg did the Confederate Army in Flanders, or a true Son of the Church of Rome would a Northern Heresie; and would have us believe it was a great proof of Learning to be Shirtless and wear no Breeches. They let their Nails grow to Claws, and Beards to Manes; fancying perchance the nearer to a Beast the more like Philosophers. They wore a larger crop upon their Chins than the old Patriarchs in the Arras Hangings, nay they were so sufficiently stockt, that the Boys suppli'd themselves with Fishing-lines, and the Sons of Harmony furnisht out their Fiddle-sticks from thence: and indeed they seem'd as fond of it, as if we were to measure out their extraordinary capacities by the longitude of their Whiskers.

The Camp too, which one would think was a place of too rough business for the ceremony of Ball, Dress, and Garniture, has been so fantastically burlesqued, that the field assign'd for bloud, death and
slaughter,

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Slaughter, has been converted into the more gay and airy representations of masque, revelling and fiddles. And had not a late Army of ours, of ever famous memory, a mighty share of this vanity? Here was nothing to be seen but fine Housings, Feathers, long Wigs, and Embroider'd Coats: so that they seem'd rather to be qualified for beating up their Mistresses Quarters than those of an Enemy. Could any thing be more absurd than to see a Boy govern Men, and ride at the head of a Troop e'er he could give the word of Command; or a little Milk-sop strutting in the front of his Company in a screw'd forc'd posture, as if he was going to dance a Boree or a Minuet?

*Captain Hector first marches, but not he of Troy,
But a trifle made up of a Man and a Boy.*

See the Man scant of Arms, in a Scarf does

Which presages some swaggering, but no

Like a Rainbow that shews us the world

*[abound,
[blood, or wound;
[shan't be drown'd.]*

Certainly it must needs have been pleasantly ridiculous to have beheld their mock Skirmishes, Sieges and Engagements: To have

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have four or five Squadrons of Horse, with as many Battalions of Foot drawn up to storm a huge and monstrous Dirt-pye. Sensus ! sensus O superi ! Was not their Baggage a sort of a Noaks's Toy-shop ? where you had Boxes of Hobs's Pills for Ball, Pulvils and Snuff for Flasks of Powder, together with the Soldier-like provisions of Essence-bottles, Hungary-waters, Looking-glasses, Tooth-picks, and a world of such trumpery.

'Tis impossible for the most unbridel'd fancy in its libertine-way of thinking, and even in the giddy whirl of imagination, to feign any thing so extravagant or absurd we meet not with in the common practice of the world. A man would think it a very odd indifferent sort of a Complement, for a person to turn his backside upon him, ducking his head down, and mounting his bum, as if he design'd to make you kiss the place: yet there are people to be found that practise this way of civility (as they are pleas'd to call it.) In some Countries they wear Rings in their cheeks, lips, toes, and noses; like haughty Bruin when he makes his publick appearance in the Bear-garden, and formidably enters the lists to
the

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the wonder and astonishment of the doughty Heroes of White-chappel, and their respective Mastives. In others, the new marry'd Bride, e'er she has receiv'd the first-fruits of her Spouses benevolence, to complete the solemnity, regales all the hardy adventurers of Matrimony of the like occupation with her Husband, with the most delicious sweets of her fair body, and the more dishes she furnishes out, so much the greater is her reputation and honour. And if that Gentleman-like friendly companion, which still sticks close to a man in the worst of times, even in a shirtless adversity; that bravely marches with the Seuldier into the midst of danger, scorning to desert him upon the very brink of ruine and destruction; I say if this courteous, generous animal grows too familiar with the carcass of a Lady, she is bound out of a high point of bravery, and magnanimity of soul, to imprint the marks of her resentment upon the body of the little beast.

*These things no doubt seem exceedingly ridiculous to us of a more civiliz'd Nation, Sparks of polite education, and refin'd breeding; and yet tis all the world to a
handsaw,*

to the Reader.

handsaw, but these barbarous Rascals would be so ill manner'd as to laugh at us as confidently as we do at them: so that upon the whole matter, for ought I see, we are nothing but burlesque and ridicule, and mankind are a standing jest to one another. Mundus exercet histrionem, says Petronius, the whole world is one great Farce in which we are all concern'd, and those that acquit themselves with the greatest applause, do but render themselves the more eminently ridiculous.

And now (Gentle Reader) if I have not put thee out of all manner of patience and good humour with the impertinent scribble of this tedious Banter, I would with all imaginable brevity request of thee a small favour or two in behalf of the following Rhimes. First and foremost that thou would'st be pleas'd for the better comparing the Latin and English together, to reade on to the ensuing letter of direction, before thou comparest the former with the original. Secondly, (since I have to doe with persons of nice different tastes, and discerning palates) that thou would'st be so kind wheresoever thou meetest with any
allusion

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allusion to, or mention of any modern custom, place, people, or manners, to supply those places (if thou thinkest it convenient) with a Poeta loquitur by thy charitable imagination ; because Æneas, who makes the relation through this whole Second Book, is presum'd to have been altogether unacquainted with the customs now in vogue on this side of the world : though for my own part I think there is no need at all for this caution. As for the Criticks, those common executioners of all sorts of Writings however dignified or distinguish'd, I will not be at the expence of one syllable to protect me from their censure ; let them mangle, stab, draw, hang and quarter as they please, I have fully resolv'd it shall not in the least mortifie their faithfull, oblig'd, humble Servant.

VIRGIL

VIRGIL

TRAVESTIE.

(a) **T**HE *Trojans* Tongues now, after feast,
As well as Bones, were all at rest.

(b) When 'Squire *Aeneas*, huge Tarpawlin,
Like * *Ludlam's* Curr, on truckle lolling,
Yawning and gently letting fizzle,
With Mug in hand to wet his whistle;
And casting Sheeps-eye on Miss-lover,
Thus boxt agen the battle over.

(c) To tell what you command, does make
Quoth he (O Queen) my heart to ake;
And whilst I speak I feel ev'n then,
Those drubs I had at *Troy* agen.

(d) How *Grecian* Shop-lifts, Pimps & Whores;
Brake open honest *Trojans* doors;
And nim'd from thence Hoods, fans, silk-gowns,
Coats, Sleeves, Crevats, and Pantaloons.

* 'Tis a
Proverb
that *Lud-*
lam's Dog
lean'd his
head a-
gainst a
Wall when
he went to
bark.

(a) *Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.*

(b) *Inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto:*

(c) *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem:*

(d) *Trojanas ut opes, & lamentabile regnum*

Eruerint Danai:

B

(e) More

- (e) More if I said you need not wonder,
 For I still with them shar'd the plunder,
 And did afford true pains and labour,
 Tow'rd's gutting tenement of neighbour.
- (f) What persecuting fell Dragoon,
 Tho' he had heart all made of bone,
 Would not at such a sad relation,
 Have fellow-feeling, and compassion;
 And ev'n out-weep the zealous Godly in
 A Conventicle, or Bawd when Maudlin?
- (g) The drowsie Stars a twinkling keep,
 And tip the wink to bid us sleep:
 But tho' 'tis time I and my fellows,
 Were now all snorting on our pillows;
- (h) Yet if you've a month's mind to hear
 Of battles, skirmishes, and war;
 How men ran through the City gates,
 With bloody nose, and broken pates;
 Since you have victual'd well my belly,
 Tho' I ne'er sleep agen I'll tell y'u.
- (i) Yet when I think on't, in a trice
 My heart's as cold as any Ice;

(e) *Et quorum pars magna fui* ———

(f) ——— *Quis talia fando
 Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssæi
 Temperet à lacrymis?* ———

(g) ——— *Suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.*

(h) *Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros,*

(i) *Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuq; refugit:
 Incipiam* ——— ——— ———

And

And to say truth, by your good favour,
I ne'er begin it but I favour.

(k) Quite tyr'd out now each *Grecian* dreads,
Another bout at Logger-heads.

Nor was Dame fortune true and hearty,
But shew'd dog-tricks still to their party.

Hence the ring-leaders of the *Grecians*,
(For they were plaguey politicians)

(l) By advice of a mighty tall Lads,
(Which some *Minerva* call, some *Pallas*)

A sturdy, huge, two-handed Spinster,
There was no standing well agenst her,

As cut-purse *Moll* as lusty full,

Or Doxy, or as Tinker's Trull :

At her command they build a War-horse,

Bigger by far than Coach, or Car-horse :

Like that foot-souldier mounts upon,

When he turns Trooper or Dragoon ;

With Muskets ty'd for Spurs to heels,

And tho' he kicks, it never feels.

To hide themselves they raise this Machine,

And save 'em from mean drubs & thwacking.

(m) Beside, this horse they did pretend,

Should carry 'em to their journeys end ;

And if their Skullers tide should lack,

They'd all sail home upon his back :

(k) ——— *fracti bello, fatisque repulsi*

Ductores Danaum, —————

(l) *Instar montis equum, divinâ Palladî arte,*

Ædificant :

(m) *Votum pro reditu simulant : ———*

(For they observ'd, tho' 'twas his sullen nature,
Not to stir foot by land, he'd swim by water.)

(n) 'Twas all the talk, and down 'twas set
In Coffee-letter, and Gazett.

(o) Their choicest Rogues they hither brought,
And threw, like *Markham's* Balls, down throat.
But first the mouth, I'd have you know,
Did on one side of belly grow ;
Whether on left, or right's unknown,
But all agree it was on one.

(p) By stealth the crafty *Grecians* slide
Into the trap-door of his side :

So Passengers set ladder leg on,
And mounting creep into a Waggon.
These were all skill'd in War's affairs,
As wrestlers, boxers, cudgel-players,
And bully-rocks, that had been bred
To cut mens throats, and knock o'th' head :
All these were sent in this convoy,
An Army in disguise to *Troy* ;

(q) That it might there, with *Greeks* brim-full,
Discharge whole armies at one stool.

(r) Not far from this, alas ! there was
A Village, once call'd *Tenedos* ;

(n) ————— *ea fama vagatur.*

(o) *Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora* —

(p) ————— *furtim*

Includunt cæco lateri : —————

(q) ————— *Uterúmque armato milite complent.*

(r) *Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama*
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant :
Nunc tantum sinus, & statio malefida carinis.

Well

Well stockt, and fam'd for Ducks and Geese,
Piggs, Pullets, Butter-milk, and Cheese;
Of Turkeys, Capons, Hens could boast,
While Father *Priam* rul'd the roast.

But while I travel thus on dry land,
I had forgot it was an Island;
Where now you hear the hideous bawlings
Of noisy Barge-puggs and Tarpawlings,
And sturdy Water-man still roars,
Next Sculler, Master, or next Oars.

(s) Hither the wary *Grecians* come
In silent march, fans beat of drum;
And at this very place aforesaid,
They hide in flaggs upon the shore-side.

(t) Now we all thought (the devil was in us)
Tarrs boarded had respective pinnace;
That they were sailing on the main,
Back to their house and home again.

(u) Whereat our Tory-boys began all
To drink, and roar like mad *Bacchanall*;
They frisk, and frolick, and by and by,
Again they swill down Ale and Brandy.

(*) The City-gates were open flung all;
The boys they whoopt, the bells they rung all.

(x) In dozens we together cluster'd,
To see the place where *Grecians* muster'd;

(s) *Huc se provecti deserto in littore condunt.*

(t) *Nos abuisse rati, & ventis petiisse Mycenæ.*

(u) *Ergo omnis longo solvit se Teucria luctu:*

(*) *Panduntur portæ: —————*

(x) ————— *juvat ire, & Dorica castra,*

Desertósq; videre locos: —————

Where once they form'd their troops, Brigado's,
 Their horn-works, rampires, pallizado's.
 Some Trojan shews their Tents all here,
 As Wight the Tombs at *Westminster*.

(y) Here lay the Army, here the Navy,
 And here *Achilles* troops,—Gad save ye.

(z) The Mob employ their busie eyes
 On lofty pad, *Greeks* quaint device :
 Wondring to see a steed more proper
 Than horse of guards-man, or of trooper.

(a) *Thymætes* first, a precious logger-
 -head, and by trade a petty fogger,
 To draw the horse advis'd the rabble
 Within the City-walls with cable.

(b) Whether, old Nick and fate to boot,
 Had driv'n pell-mell this fellow to't ;
 Or *Greeks* had brib'd him to betray us,
 That they might hack, and slash, and slay us,
 As he by adversaries paws
 Was fee'd to marr his Clients cause ;
 Whether, I say, the thing was thus,
 I list not (Madam) to discuss.

(y) ——— *Hic sevus tendebat Achilles :*
Classibus hic locus : hic acies certare solebant.

(z) *Pars stupet innuptæ donum exitiale Minervæ,*
Et molem mirantur equi : ———

(a) ——— *primûsque Thymætes*
Duci intra muros hortatur. ———

(b) *Sive dolo, seu jam Trojæ sic fata ferebant.*

(c) But *Capys*, and the graver herd,
Whose wisdom grew from length of beard ;
Who could without Spectacles see
Into a Mill-stone far as he ;
Told him and all the people flat,
They did begin to smell a rat ;
And that the horse which they did stare on,
Had more in't than they were aware on.

(d) He and his gang therefore command us
(Tho' heav'n did sure enough withstand us)
To probe its wem with wedge and beetle,
And sell the billet off by retail :

Or fairly share't our fires to put on,
To roast and boil our Beef and Mutton :
Or else to make a ducking stool on't,
For testy shrews to sit and cool on't.

(e) At this the rabble kept a pother,
And some cry'd one thing, some another.

(f) *Laocoon*, at this din and clatter,
Ran to's to know what was the matter.
What would fall out, he could fore-tell ye,
As sure as *Gadbury*, or *Lilly* ;
What would, or would not come to pass,
Like *Dee*, or *Bacon's* head of brass.

(c) *At Capys, & quorum melior sententia menti, —*

(d) *Aut pelago Danaum insidias —*
Præcipitare jubent, subjectisq; urere flammis ;
Aut terebrare cavas uteri, & tentare latebras.

(e) *Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*

(f) *Laocoon ardens summâ decurrit ab arce.*

Nay would fetch back (to him 'twas all one)
 Goods that were either stray'd, or stolen.
 He led along a company
 Of Boars, from Villages hard by ;
 Who to him came to get their losses
 Of purloin'd Bridles, Piggs, and Horses.
 (g) At least two furlongs off, and further,
 Loud as he could he cry'd out murther :
 (b) Neighbours (he running did continue)
 Are you mad, or's the devil in you ?
 Are you such owls, as to imagine
 The *Grecians* gone without engaging ?
 For to be plain, without connivance,
 There is sure in't some damn'd contrivance.
 (i) I thought you did *Ulysses* know,
 That shamming road, better than so.
 (k) If *Grecians* in this Horse should lurk,
 They'd make a pretty spot of work ;
 Or I'll be hang'd (the devil plot 'em)
 But there is treach'ry in the bottom ;
 Or this is some damn'd trick of theirs,
 To beat the Town about our ears.

(g) *Et prociul :* —————

————— *O miseri quæ tanta insania, cives ?*

(h) *Creditis avectos hostes ?* ————

(i) ————— *Sic notus Ulysses ?*

(k) *Aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achivi ;*
Aut hæc in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
— venturâque desuper urbi ;

(l) Trust

(l) Trust not this horse, my friends, tho' wooden,
It may devour us on a sudden.

The beast, perchance, in these few weeks,
For Oats has bushels eat of *Greeks* ;
And may, when maw grows lank and hollow,
As many more of *Trojans* swallow.

(m) Having thus said, he brandisht wand,
Which Jugler-like he bore in hand ;
And with all's might began to thwack,
Upon his belly, sides, and back :
The beast perceiv'd the magick blow,
And strait began to quake or-so.

They cowl'd within the wooden engine,
And wisht the door on side unhinging ;
With hollow groans the Caverns rung all,
As if they came through barrel's bung-hole.

(n) And had we not been senseless owls,
Meer careless blockheads, bubbld fools,
We'd pry'd more closely into matters,
And bang'd their Baggage-horse to shatters.
Then *Grecian* blood we'd had a hand in,
And little *Troy* had still been standing.

(l) ——— *equo ne credite Teucri.*

(m) *Sic fatus, validis ingentem viribus hastam
In latus, inque feri curvam compagibus alvum
Contorsit : stetit illa tremens, uteróque recusso
Insonuere cavæ, gemitúmque dedere cavernæ.*

(n) ——— *Si mens non leva fuisset,
Impulerat ferro Argolicas fedare latebras :
Trojáque nunc staret.——*

(v) In

(o) In the mean while a rabble rour,
 Of many a sturdy Village lout,
 In halter tow along a *Greek*,
 That late had play'd at hide and seek:
 Some sing, some dance, some whoop, some hol-
 Some go before him, others follow. (low,
 Along he marcht in dolefull dump,
 With hands ty'd fast behind on rump.
 (p) The desp'rate Caitiff grew so hardy,
 He threw himself into jeopardy,
 Resolving that he'd prove no starter;
 And so forsooth we caught a Tartar.
 Now of this jest—here was the cream on't;
 When we in bed did little dream on't,
 'This Rake-hell (who has quite undone us)
 Was to let in the foe upon us,
 That they might 'wake us in rude fashion,
 By gentle Crab-tree's salutation.
 (q) It seem'd indifferent to him,
 Whether he did or sink or swim;
 So he by either means might catch
 Us *Trojans*, in a Puppy-snatch.

- (o) *Ecce manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum,
 Pastores magno ad regem clamore trahabant
 Dardanide: -----*
 (p) *Qui se ignotum venientibus u'tro,
 Hoc ipsum ut strueret, Trojámq; aperiret Achivis,
 Obrulerat: -----*
 (q) *In utrumque paratus;
 Seu versare dolos, seu certæ occumbere morti.*

(r) De-

(r) Desire to see this Dog did entice (tice
From Grammar school-boy, from shop 'pren-
They flock round with rogues-tricksto bait him
As birds Madge Howlet do by day-time;
When she in ruff's majestick dress
Appears in state, like old Queen B--fs.
Here one arch toad, with full intent,
Runs pin to head in fundament.

This breaks his shins, or treads on's toes;
This pulls his beard, that tweaks his nose.
(s) Hear now how this fly dog betray'd us,
What a damn'd slipp'ry trick he play'd us;
And from this one it may be gueſt clear,
What glavering shamming toads the rest are.

Now as he stood in open place,
Plain to be seen as nose in face;
Quaking like Aspine-leaf, and view'd
The linsy-woolsy multitude:
Alas, woe's me (quo' he) poor creature,
That can't be safe by land, or water.
No hopes for me, poor Pill—remain;
For should I now gang home again,

(r) *Undiq; viſendi ſtudio Trojana juventus
Circumfuſa ruit, certantq; illudere capto.*

(s) *Accipe nunc Danaum inſidias, & crimine ab uno
Diſce omnes* —————

*Namq; ut conſpectu in medio turbatus, inermis
Conſtitit, atq; oculis Phrygia agmina circumſpexit:
Heu, quæ nunc tellus, inquit, quæ me æquora poſſunt
Accipere?* —————

*Cui neq; apud Danaos uſquam locus: inſuper ipſi
Dardanidæ inſenſi pœnas cum ſanguine poſcunt.*

I next must go to my confusion,
 From thence to th' place of execution.
 And what can I expect from you,
 Who always give the devil his due ?
 What can I hope for, with the pox,
 But gibbet, whipping-post, or stocks?
 (t) At this the false dog gave a groan,
 Enough to melt an heart of stone :
 With tears, and sighs, and snout from snout,
 He made our hearts all tack about ;
 And, what was e'en enough to hard'n him,
 We all had a months mind to pard'n him.
 Forthwith we ask his occupation,
 What town he liv'd in, and what fashion :
 (u) Who whelp'd the puppy, or tell rather
 (If wise enough) who was his father.
 (*) When casting off both fear and snivil,
 He thus bespeaks in words most civil.
 Th'intrigues, quo' he, of Grecian counsel,
 I shall disclose right worthy Donzel ;
 And gradually to truths advance,
 By ev'ry minute circumstance.
 Nor first will I deny that I am
 A Greek by birth, please you Sir Priam :

-
- (t) *Quo gemitu conversi animi, compressus est omnis
 Impetus ;* (u) *hortamur fari, quo sanguine cretus,*
 (*) *Ille hæc deposita tandem formidine fatur :*
Cuncta equidem tibi rex, fuerint quæcunq; fatebor ;
Vera, inquit : neq; me Argolica de gente negabo,
Hoc primum ; nec, si miserum fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemq; improba finget.

Yet

Yet tho' my jaded fortune tires,
 And leaves me struggling in the briers;
 Altho' she treats poor *Simon* evil,
 I will speak truth and shame the devil.
 (x) You oft have heard, tho' now he dead is,
 Of such a Wight as *Palamedes* :
 And in Diurnal of fames story,
 You've read no doubt his mickle glory.
 (y) This youth (w^{ch} now their sorrow trebles)
 The Souldiers thumpt to death with pebbles;
 Because from war he hung an arse once,
 Knowing Guns had no respect of persons.
 This *Palamed*, above all others,
 And I were comrades, and sworn brothers.
 (z) But after this false dog *Ulysses*,
 By projects vile and artifices,
 (Nay folks as well know what I'm telling,
 As smerking *Paris* does our *Hellen*,)
 Plotted his death, at which he glories,
 In manner-like as said before is.

(x) ——— *Si forte tuas pervenit ad aures*
Belyda nomen Palamedis, & inchoa fama
Gloria---- (y) *quem falsa sub prodicione Pelasgi*
Insontem,-----quia bella vetabat,
Demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent;
Illi me comitem, & consanguinitate propinquum
Pauper in arma Pater primis huc misit ab annis.
 (z) ——— *Invidia postquam pellacis Ulyssæi*
(Haud ignota loquor) superis concessit ab oris;

- (a) I strait took on, and grew hereat
 As melancholly as a Cat;
 Into bug-words my rash tongue flies out,
 I almost cry'd my very eyes out;
 And swore if e'er I chanc't to come,
 With Drum and flying Colours home,
 By dint of trusty steel I'd mark as
 Bloody revenge upon his carcass.
 (b) *Ulysses* then, of ills who is chief,
 And as his life loves to doe mischief,
 Among the red-coats 'gan to prate
 Of this, and that, and God knows what;
 As if that I had late been took
 A nimming of a Troopers cloak;
 And most unjustly did condemn one,
 As I had pimpt for *Agamemnon*.
 (c) But why in vain do I thus gabble?
 I'm sure you think all this a Fable:
 And I'd as good, since you are so ridg-
 -ed, to keep' breath to cool my porridge.
 Why do I then stave off your fury?
 A God's name e'en cali in the Jury.
-

- (a) *Afflictus vitam in tenebris lucūq; traherem,
 Nec tacui demens & me, fors siqua tulisset,
 Si patrias unquam remeassem victor ad Argos,
 Promisi ultorem.* ———
 (b) ——— hinc semper *Ulysses*
*Criminibus terrere novis : hinc spargere voces
 In vulgum ambiguas* ———
 (c) *Sed quid ego hæc autem nequicquam ingrata revolvo.
 Quidve moror ?* ———

(d) I

(d) I know you, and your Trojan gods,
Do hate us all like any Toads.

Can I hope, since it is as 'tis,
You'll baulk for me the Hangman's fees?

(e) Why should I then more speeches spend on't;
E'en tie me up, and there's an end on't.

It will be Nuts, if my case this is,
Both for *Atrides*, and *Ulysses*,

To hear that I in hempen twine,
Am twisted up for Gibbet sign.

(f) At this, we all were set a-gog
To know of this same fly-boots rogue;
The reasons why, and wherefore too,
They made this clutter and adoe;
Not dreaming that the whelp was brewing,
With his glib flatteries, our ruin.

(g) This made the cogging, lying villain,
Tho' seemingly afraid, go still on;
But e'er he spake, he thrice did cough,
And thus went on where he left off.

(h) The *Grecians* now, as I'll be true t'ye,
Wear'd, and harrafs'd out with duty;

(d) ——— *Si omnes uno ordine habetis Achivos?*

(e) ——— *Jamdudum sumite pœnas:*

(f) *Tum vero ardemus scitari, & querere causas,
Ignari scelerum tantorum artisq; Pelasgæ.*

(g) *Prosequitur pavitans, & ficto pectore fatur:*

(h) *Sæpe fugam Danaï Trojâ cupiere relictâ
Moliri: & longo fessi discedere bello.
Fecissent utinam! sæpe illos aspera ponti
Interclusit hyems, & terruit Auster euntes.
Præcipue, cum jam trabibus contextus acernis
Staret equus, toto sonuerunt æthere nimbi.*

Wifht

Wisht they were safe in Scullers tugging,
 And over Neptune's Fish-ponds jogging.
 Ah! would they then had skim'd in Wherry!
 I'd not been left thus in quandary.

Oft when to sail away they were nigh,
 Some cross-grain'd tempest stopt their journey;
 Or, bound with chains of Ice about,
 Their Scullers could not stir a foot:
 Or else the huff-cap winds so bluster'd,
 They made our Tarrs to quake like Custard.
 But e'er this Colt, we so did toil on,
 Was foal'd, and first 'gan stand an high-lone;
 Bless us! we had such thund'ring weather,
 As heav'n and earth would come together.

(i) Then sent we strait one *Eurypyle*
 To enquire of three-legg'd Oracle.

Tell us, quo' he, I pray Sir Sun,
 Why *Aeol* won't let us begone?

Or why we can't, the Devil roar him,
 Budge on about our business for him?

Whereat the god began to grumble,
 And cry'd I am your Servant humble:

(k) Then these dire sounds did vent from port-
 Enough to frighten any mortal. hole,

(l) When you put out from Grecian shoars
 With Lighters, Skiffs, Sculls, Boats, and Oars;

(i) *Eurypylam scitatum oracula Phæbi*
Mittimus:-----

(k) *Isque adytis hæc tristia verba reportat.*

(l) *Cum primum Iliacas Danaï venistis ad oras:*

*A buxom Lass, young, brisk, and bonny,
As I'd desire for Love or Money ;
A Bona Roba spruce, and neat,
That was grown up to be Man's meat ;*

(m) *Was sent, you know, a foul disgrace t'ye,*

** Serv'd up instead of Venson-Pasty*

To Æol, and his roaring boys,

Who fill'd the World with storms and noise ;

Knowing, that while their guts were stuffing,

They'd all be bught, and leave off puffing.

(n) *Now if you hope (I'll not a crum lye,*

And home is home, be't ne'er so homely,)

If you intend, Sirs, safe and sound ;

To set a foot on Grecian ground,

You must make Pye with human Giblet ;

For these thin starveling Rogues to nible at :

For, you must think, 'tis hungry fare

To live on nothing else but Air.

(o) *As soon as this the Rabble heard,*

They stunk, and like dead Pigs they star'd ;

In dolefull teen they musing sate,

And all their hearts went pit-a-pat ;

(p) *They trembl'd so (as erst in battle)*

It made their very bones to rattle,

** Diana,
when I-
phigenia
was to be
sacrificed,
put an
Hart in
her place.*

(m) *Sanguine placasti ventos, & virgine casa ;*

(n) *Sanguine quærendi reditus, animâq; litandum
Argolicâ.*

(o) *-----Vulgi quæ vox ut venit ad aures,*

Obstupuere animi,-----

(p) *-----gelidûsque per ima cucurris*

Ossa tremor ;-----

As well they might, to think whose lot
Of them it was to go to pot.

(q) This made *Ulysses* strait-way walk as
Fast as he could for life, to *Calchas*.

Along he did with Rabble pass,
Hollowing and whooping at his arse;
And 'mong 'em all did *Calchas* bring,
And then cry'd out a ring a ring:

Parson, says he, here give's a fist,
And say on honest word of Priest,

(r) Whom 'tis, and never mince the matter,
Don Phæbus has cut out for slaughter.

(s) For a fortnight he stood hum drum,
And answer'd not a word but Mum;
Nor would he destine any one
To try their Cookery upon.

(t) *Ulysses*, who knew what was what,
Claps me in's hand a *Harry-groat*:
Now *Calchas* had olfacting snout,
And quickly smelt his meaning out:

Says he, since you require an answer,

(u) In short then—*Sinon* - is the man Sir.

(q) *Hic Ithacus vatem magno Calchanta tumultu
Protrahit in medios: -----*

(r) ----- *Cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo,
Flagitat: -----*

(s) *Bis quinos filet ille dies, tectisq; recusat
Prodere voce sua quenquam, aut opponere morti.*

(t) *Vix tandem magni Ithaci clamoribus actus,
Compositis rumpit vocem, -----*

(u) ----- *Et me destinat ara.*

(*) At

(*) At this they whoopt, so joyfull all were
They'd slip't their necks out of the Collar ;
Since what to suffer once they were like,
Was to be thrown on poor Pilgarlick.

(x) And now was come the day allotted,
On which my Corps was to be potted ;
A brace of brawney Cooks were brought,
To hack, and slash, and carve me out ;
Huge stinking nasty Toads, so greasie
You'd kаст to see 'em, an't shall please ye :
Their leggs, like Nine-pins were, that bore 'em,
Wadling with Tuns of Gutts before 'em.

(y) To th' Pastry come, they swear, and sputter,
And call'd for Meal, Salt, Spice, and Butter:
A great long Knife new groun'd one shakes,
Ready to cut me out in Steaks.

(z) This news my Heart and Midriff touches,
And I secur'd me from their clutches ;
I broke the Gaol, knockt off my Fetters,
As some have done that are my betters ;

(a) And long before the Morning-blushes,
I hid me in a bed of Rushes :
Till they had row'd upon the water,
About a Mile, or such a matter.

(*) *Assensere omnes ; & quæ sibi quisque timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.*

(x) *Jàmq; dies infanda aderat : mihi sacra parari,*

(y) *Et falsæ fruges, & circum tempora vittæ.*

(z) *Eripui (fateor) letho me, & vincula rupi :*

(a) *Limosôque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulva
Delitui, dum vela darent.*

- (b) Ne'er more shall I see my Farm-house,
 Poor Billy, little Bob, and Spouse;
 A Wench as right (tho' I'll not brag o' her)
 As ever mortal Man threw leg o'er:
 (c) All whom, for what now I have done,
 They'll murder ev'ry Mother's son:
 And should they kill the little Chits,
 'Twould scare 'em quite out of their wits.
 (d) Therefore I do beseech your Grace,
 To pity a poor Devil's case,
 That has been toss'd like Racket-ball;
 Whipt, bruise'd, pumpt, kickt, the Devil and all.
 (e) Streight Father Priam gave commands,
 To take his Hand-cuffs off his hands.
 Then by the Mutton-fist he took him,
 And thus in friendly wise bespoke him:
 Udsbud, quo' he, who e'er thou art,
 Thou'rt right true blew, Zucks man take heart:
 (f) As for the Greeks, Pultroons, ne'er mind 'em,
 That left thee in the lurch behind 'em;
 They may find yet some paltry weather
 May drown them, and their Boats together:

-
- (b) *Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi,
 Nec dulces natos,*
 (c) *Quos illi fors ad pœnas ob nostra reposcent
 Effugia. Et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt.*
 (d) *Oro, miserere laborum
 Tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.
 Ipse viro primus manicas, atque arcta levare*
 (e) *Vincla jubet Priamus; didisq; ita fatur amicis:*
 (f) *Quisquis es amissos hinc jam obliviscere Graios,*

And

And 'twill be better here, I wot,
Than to look like a drowned Rat

(g) Make me their Hocus-tricks all known,
I'll make thee Free-man of the Town ;

Then honest True-penny, I prithee,
To deal both plain and upright with me ;

(b) Answer the truth, and what no more is,
To these few Interrogatories.

Say first, whose noddle project had
T' invent this hieroglyphick Pad ?

On what pretence it was, and what
The plague those Scoundrels would be at ?

(i) This said, he lifted up his Eyes,
And eke his Fists up to the Skies,

Which just before had been let loose
From Magick circle of the Noose ;

And told his flam off smooth and fully

As Punk, when she'd Tongue pad fresh Cully ;

Or Court-miss, when she takes upon her,

To wheedle senseless Spark of Honour.

He, subtle Dog, well vers'd in cheating,

Would fawn like Spaniel after beating ;

Would goggle, cant with art as mickle,

As Holder-forth in Conventicle :

(g) *Noster eris : —————*

(h) *Mibi que hæc edisserere vira roganti :*

Quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere ? quis auctor ?

Quidve perunt ?

(i) *Dixerat, ille dolis instructus & arte Pelasgâ,*

Sustulit exutas vinclis ad sidera palmas.

And could, when urg'd in his defence,
 Out-swear an *Irish* Evidence :
 He'd tell you Lies as 'twere in sport,
 And bring you Texts of Scripture for't ;
 And when 'twas done, tho' he us'd no Spell,
 You'd swear 'twas all as true as Gospel.
 (k) Witness, said he, each God and Goddess,
 In bright *Olympus* whose abroad is ;
 Ye Halters I have scap't, and Gallows,
 That were enough to hang up all us ;
 Ye consecrated Knives and Tucks,
 Prepar'd to tickle my poor Plucks ;
 (l) If I have not good cause to hate 'em,
 (Hell and ten thousand Devils bait 'em)
 To set abroad their juggling fancies,
 Their treach'ries, plots, and contrivances.
 (m) And now, Sirs, if you'll be as true
 To me, as I will be to you ;
 I'll store of news discover, wherein
 You'll say's contain'd thingsworth your hearing ;
 News that shall rowl in Ears like Thunder,
 And almost knock you down with wonder.

(k) ——— *Et non violabile vestrum*
Testor numen, ait ; vos aræ ensesque nefandi,
Quos fugi ; ———

(l) *Fas odisse viros, atque omnia ferre sub auras,*

(m) *Tu modo promissis maneat, servatæque servet*
Troja fidem, si vera feram, si magna rependam.

(n) Dame

- (n) Dame *Pallas* evermore did guard
The *Greeks*, and was their leading Card:
And she, I'd have you understand,
Had promis'd them an helping hand;
Or else, at that same present writing;
They'd had but little mind to fighting.
(o) *Ulysses*, who for his own part,
Lov'd mischief ever at his heart;
With one *Tydides* (two false Knaves
That went in this Adventure halves,
That did both understand you trap well)
Steal me into *Minerva's* Chappel;
(p) And did purloin her Statue thence,
To which was paid great reverence.
Twas much like that which (if you mind do)
Does staring peep through Barbers window,
Adorn'd with Perriwig of Horse-tail,
To tell you there are others for sale.
(q) This was a plaguey ticklish point,
And quite knockt all things out of joynt:
Not any heart did any man take,
Their hopes were dasht as flat as Pan-cake.
-

- (n) *Omnis spes Danaum, & capti fiducia belli
Palladis auxiliis semper stetit.* — — —
(o) *Tydides, sed enim, scelerumq; inventor Ulysses,
Fatale aggressi sacrato avellere templo
Palladium,* — — —
(p) *Corripuere sacram Effigiem;* — — —
(q) *Ex illo fluere, ac retro sublapsa referri
Spes Danaum:* — — —

This made the Goddess fret and stare,
 And grow as mad as a *March-Hare* ;
 And tho' we often did harrangue her,
 (r) By certain signs she shew'd her anger.
 For what the stoutest heart might awe, Sirs,
 Her Eyes grew big as any Saucers:
 (s) But what more wonderfull, by *George*, is,
 They both spit fire like two Smith's Forges;
 Nay this so put her in a fret,
 That she did fume, and reek, and sweat,
 Like Country Lass when young men wheedle
 To drudge to th' noise of one-ey'd Fidler; (her
 And she has wetted ev'ry rag,
 By dancing the galloping Nag.
 (t) Two times she leapt aloft, and eke one,
 A marvellous shrew'd thing to speak on.
 Now *Calchas* found they were a scrape in,
 And knew her meaning by her gaping ;
 (u) Wherefore he gave the Tarrs all warning,
 To get them ready in the morning ;
 To take aboard their proper Cargo's,
 And tug their Skulls all back to *Argos* ;

(r) *Nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris.*

(s) ——— *arsere corusca*

*Luminibus flammæ arrectis, falsisque per artus
Sudor iit ———*

(t) *Térque ipsa solo (mirabile dictu)*

(u) *Extemplo tentanda fugâ canit æquora Calchas :
Nec posse Argolicis excindi Pergama telis ;
Omina ni repetant Argis, numenq; reducant.*

Then

Then at her Shrine with Vows solicit,
And pay the Goddess holy Visit:
So with religious wheedle bribe,
And bring her over to their side:
For well he knew, if 'twere not done,
That they could never take the Town,
Tho' they us'd all their Ambuscado's,
Their Truncheons, Clubs, and Bastinado's.
(*) Therefore they forth-with fell a building,
This swinging, huge, two-handed Gelding;
To pacifie her injur'd honour,
For all the impious wrongs they'd done her;
That, after Voyage made for penance,
She might at last shew them countenance;
And so by these means made amends,
Both parties might e'en kiss and friends.
(x) Now this Horse, you must understand,
By Deacon *Calchas* his command,
Was built as high at least, or higher,
Than any May-pole, Church or Spire.
And this, I tell you twice and once,
Was so contriv'd too for the nonce,
That you might by no means be able
To get him into any Stable;

(*) *Hanc pro palladio moniti pro numine l'eso
Effigiem statuere, nefas quæ triste piaret.*

(x) *Hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem,
—— cæloque educere jussit:
Neu recipi portu, aut duci in mœnia possit;
Neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.*

That she might 'not in dangers nonage,
 Preserve you under her patronage;
 But like enraged fury Stygian,
 Destroy both you and your Religion :
 For thus, being of all grace bereaven,
 You might be left at six and seven;
 And after all her slipp'ry tricks,
 Be burnt at length for Hereticks.
 (y) For if you had in pieces broke
 Miss *Dory's* ambling Nag of Oak,
 You should of certain woes be sped,
 And pull an old house on your head;
 Which I could wish with all my heart, d'y--
 --see, might light on the other party :
 (z) But if you could with all your power
 Lug it into *Minerva's* Tower;
 Then *Trojans* should confound our Nation,
 And bang us out of habitation;
 And all the *Greeks* (or I'm an Ass else)
 Should ever after be your Vassals.

- (y) *Nam si vestra manus violasset dona Minerva;*
Tum magnum exitium (quod Dii prius omen in ipsum
Convertant) Priami imperio, Phrygibusq; futurum:
 (z) *Sin manibus vestris vestram ascendisset in urbem;*
Utro Asiam magno Pelopeia ad mœnia bello
Venturam, & nostros ea fata manere nepotes.
Talibus insidiis, perjurique arte Sinonis,
Credita res: caprique dolis, lachrymisque coacti;
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carina.

We

We by this treach'rous whelps cajoleing,
To *præmunire* were drawn all in,
Thus all our *Trojan* gamesters, whom
Not ten years Wars could overcome :
Whom nor *Achilles* nor *Atrides*,
Whose fame for boxing far and wide is,
Were caught at length (my Crew else ask all)
By this damn'd undermining Rascal.
For this false-hearted Mongrel's words,
Would kill like Daggers, Guns, or Swords;
And ev'ry tear his Dogs-face ran on,
Massacred sure as Shot from Cannon:
Thus was poor *Troy Town* by this royster
Undone, as you'd undoe an Oyster.

(a) But here (as it is Fortune's curse,
When bad things still grow worse and worse)
More dreadfull Prodigies appear'd,
Than Comet with long flaming beard.

(b) Whilst *Laocoon* for fair weather
Was conjuring the Winds together,
Requesting *Neptune* to keep calm
The Sea, and quiet as a Lamb ;

(c) And for a bribe a Bullock dress't,
To make the Didapper a feast ;
Knowing fresh meat would gratefull be
To one that always liv'd at Sea ;

(a) *Hic aliud majus miseris, multoque tremendum
Objicitur magis, ———*

(b) *Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,*

(c) *Solennes taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.*

To

To one that fed on Lenten dish,
 And ne'er eat any thing but fish.
 (d) Lo on a sudden, through the Deep,
 (Whose Billows lay dissolv'd in sleep)
 Two Snakes, two Devils, or what's worse,
 Made to our Men from *Tenedos* :
 So grim they lookt that, whilst I tell ye,
 My very heart quakes in my belly ;
 For they to twist themselves were able
 In Rounds as big, as Tar does Cable :
 Their heads they mount, their tails, which were
 They trail behind 'em a whole furlong ; (long,
 Which they make up, with subtle foldings,
 Into a score of Devils gold-rings ;
 And there they wrigg'l'd so, and flounc'd,
 (e) They wak'd the Waves, which roar'd and
 The Sea grew with the motion hot, (bounc'd ;
 And bubb'l'd, foam'd, and boyl'd like pot.
 After much twining, and much adoe,
 (f) They came a-shore to graze in Meadow :
 But here the mischief of it was,
 Our *Trojan's* flesh to them was grass.

-
- (d) *Ecce autem gemini à Tenedo tranquilla per alta*
 (Horresco referens) *immensis orbibus angues*
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad littora tendunt :
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta —
— pars cetera pontum
Pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga.
 (e) *Fir sonitus spumante salo : —*
 (f) *— jamque arva tenebant.*

(g) From

(g) From eyes they blood and fire did vomit,
Like any blazing Star, or Comet;
Which, all the wiser sort do allow,
Portend some mischief is to follow.

(b) With armed jaws each Serpent vapours,
And brandisht thence a Leash of Rapiers;
Which on their Iron teeth they whet, as
If they would carve us out and eat us.
They gap'd full wide, and loud did hiss,
As flocks of Criticks, or of Geese:
At this we scow'r'd, and lookt, by Cock,
White as your Kerchief, or your Smock.

(i) They row their bodies with tail's force,
And tow'rds *Laocoon* shape their Course.
First to his tiny brats they waddle,
Which (dreaming no hurt) lay in Cradle;
And strait the squalling Bastards were pent
In a huge Labyrinth of Serpent:
Their threads of life too short were found,
To guide 'em out of this *Lobb's* Pound:
Their tender limbs the Dragons both pull;
Down bones and all go at one mouthfull.

(g) *Ardentſque oculos ſuffecti ſanguine & igni,*
(h) *Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora,*
Diffugimus viſu exanguēs:—

(i) *—illi agmine certo*
Laocoonta petunt, & primum parva duorum
Corpora natorum Serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, & miſeros morſu depaſcitur artus.

(k) Next

(k) Next him they set on arm'd with weapon,
These Serpents dire fell blows to heap on;
Who laid about to free his brats
From their insatiable guts.

(l) Twice round his middle then, and eke
Their trunks they wreath twice round his neck:

(m) With trembling hands he says to pull at,
And tear the throatling noose from gullet.
As when a Butcher strikes at Bull,
That shakes the glancing Axe from Skull;
He roars aloud for pain o'th' blow;
Laocoon ev'n bellow'd so:

But they in thousand pieces tore him,
And quickly stopt his wind-pipe for him.

(n) These Serpent-Canibals then fly
Into *Minerva's* Fane hard by;
And there, as soon as e'er they were gone,
They sculkt behind her Shield of Gorgon:

(k) *Post, ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem*
Corripiunt, ————— (l) *Et jam*
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, —————

(m) *Ille simul manibus tentat divellere nodos,*
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit:
Quales mugitus fugit cum faucibus aras
Taurus, Et incertum excussit cervice securim.

(n) *At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa Dracones*
Effugiunt, sævæque petunt Tritonidis arcem:
————— *Chypæque sub orbe reguntur.*

Nor was it strange they thither fled,
They were of kin to th' Gorgon's head ;
Therefore as brother's bound to brother,
They ought to succour one another.

(o) On him we thought this (Coxcombs silly)
A judgment, 'cause he cudgell'd Filly.

(p) Now it was urg'd, that to allay her
Fury, we all should go to prayer ,
And so to pull this Madam's horse
Into her Chappel by main force :

(q) Whereat to work pell-mell we fall,
And make a wide breach in the Wall.
Hav'n't you at Fair seen a fine rare thing,
An horse yclep'd, boy buy's for farthing ;
Painted and plum'd, with dainty whistle,
Instead of dock, stuck fast in his tail:
With small Fir-board glew'd to his heels,
And running on two pair of wheels.
So to this Nag some fasten did
Wheels to run on like Truckle-bed ;
Some ty'd slips to th' neck o'th' horse,
To drag him if he hung an arse.

(o) ——— *Et scelus expendisse merentem*
Laocoonta ferunt ; sacrum qui cuspide robur
Læferit, ———

(p) *Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum, orandæque Divæ*
Numina conclamant. ———

(q) *Dividimus muros, & mœnia pandimus urbis.*
Accingunt omnes operi : pedibûsque rotarum
Subjiciunt lapsus, & stupea vincula collo
Intendunt :

(.) Into

(r) Into the Town, by this device,
 We hal'd the Machine in a trice :
 (s) Whilst all a-round, blith Nymphs and tall-
 Troll'd merry Sonnets out, and Ballads. (Lads,
 But as the sturdy beast we drew in,
 (t) He seem'd to nod and threaten ruin.
 (u) I'th' entrance thrice he stood stock-still,
 As if he came against his will ;
 And thrice a ratling noise did come
 Of arms out of his hollow womb :
 Yet stupid Owls we still lay haling,
 Till we had pull'd *Greeks*, horse, and all in.
 Then knowing that it would be Stall-free,
 (*) We in her Temple place the Palfrey.
 (x) While thus employ'd was busie rabble,
 Heav'n puts on face her Vizard sable ;
 No glimps of light was to be found,
 If you'd have given twenty pound ;
 (y) Both Heav'n & Earth, as you would think,
 Was all one mighty blot of Ink.

(r) — *Scandit fatalis machina muros.*

(s) — *Circum pueri innuptæque puellæ
 Sacra canunt.* — — —

(t) *Illa subit mediæque minans illabitur urbi.*

(u) — *Quater ipso in limine portæ
 Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dederit.
 Instamus tamen immemores, cæciq; furore,*

(*) *Et monstrum infelix sacratâ sistimus arce.*

(x) *Vertitur interea cælum, & ruit oceano nox,*

(y) *Involvens umbrâ magnâ terrâq; polûmq;.*

(z) Our

(z) Our wearied men slept sound and snor'd,
Their noses loud as Sack-butts roar'd :

(a) At dead of night the Grecians scape in
From *Tenedos*, to catch us napping.

(b) As soon as *Sinon* had his cue,
What does me this same Rascal doe,
But ope' *Nag's* trap-doors and Avenues;
Whose like before did never men use;
And swiftly down they fly by rope,
Like Tumbler's boys from Steeple's top:
Then descends *Thoas* and *Tisander*,
And *Sthenelly* a great Commander,
With many more that were among 'um,
Quos nunc præscribere est too longum.

(c) Upon our Men they gently creep,
With Brandy drunk, and dead asleep. (blows,
Our Watch they scowre, and greet with ill-
And knock 'em down with their own Bilbo's.
The gates they ope' with Martial prowess,
And on us let in all the foes.

(z) ——— *fusi per mania Teucri*
Conticuere : sopor fessos complectitur artus.

(a) *Et jam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat*
A Tenedo, tacitæ per amica silentia lunæ.

(b) ——— *flammas cum regia puppis*
Extulerat ; ———
Inclusos utero Danaos, & pinea furtim
Laxat claustra Sinon: illos patefactus ad auras
Reddit equus, latiq; cavo se robore promunt
Tisandrus Sthenelûsque duces, & dirus Ulysses,
Demissum lapsi per funem ; &c. ———

(c) *Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepulchram.*

D

(d) Now

- (d) Now ev'ry individual ran
 Directly to his right-hand-man ;
 Then nimbly joyning troop to troop,
 All in one body strait march'd up.
 (e) 'Twas now the time in quilted Cap,
 When Mortals take their first sweet nap ;
 And Footman lies his hand a link in
 On bench, with Eyes, and that both winking.
 (f) When *Hector*, lo! came to my view,
 Plain to be seen, as I see you ;
 And tho' I slept, he seem'd for certain,
 At feet of bed to draw the Curtain ;
 He wept while tears, huge tears did chase,
 As if they play'd at Prison-bafe :
 His mangl'd body wore for shirt,
 A case of black-dry'd blood and dirt ;
 His gouty Hocks, with fleshy Sashoons,
 Like Horses lookt that has the Fashions.
 He had holes boar'd through either ankle,
 (Which wanting balsome, 'gan to rankle,)
 As erst when he by heels hung up
 Like Rabbits in a Poult'rers shop.

- (d) ————— omnes
Accipiunt socios, atque agmina conscia jungunt.
 (e) *Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus agris*
Incipit, ————
 (f) *In somnis ecce ante oculos mastissimus Hector*
Visus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus :
Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, atérque cruento
Pulvere, pérque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.

(g) His

(g) His whiskers, and his matted beard,
With clotted blood were all besmear'd.

(b) I, when I saw this frightfull sight;
Began methoughts to cry out-right :
And call'd t' him in most civil fashion;
Then blubber'd out this sad Oration.

(i) O trusty Trojan, Hector, Hector,
Our Bully-rock, and sole Protector ;
Prithee now tell me what's the cause,
That thou hast such a bloody nose :
Or how the devil came thy face,
In such a plaguety dirty case ?

(k) To which he gaping, nothing said;
But fetcht deep sigh, and shook his head.

*Quo' he, pray Goody Venus son,
Pack up your Awls, and get you gone,
Lest Greeks clap (if you keep this place)
A burning faggot to your Arse :
For now the Grecian Cavaliers
Are beating Troy about our Ears ;*

(g) *Squalentem barbam, & concretos sanguine crines,*

(h) ———— *ultra flens Ipse videbar
Compellare virum, & maestus expromere voces :*

(i) *O lux Dardania ! spes O fidiſſime Teucrum !
——— quæ cauſa indigna ſerenos*

Fœdavit vultus ? aut cur hæc vulnera cerno ?

(k) *Ille nihil : ————
Sed gravitèr gemitus imo de pectore ducens :
Heu fuge, nate dea, réque his (ait) eripe flammis.
Hoſtis hæbet muros ruit alto à culmine Troja :*

(l) *And if it could have been defended,
I, who did more than forty Men did,
Had done the feat, and it had still
Been safe, belike, as thief in Mill.*

(m) *Troy begs, which has for you affection,
You'd take her Gods into protection;
You'd let 'em travel with you, and
Your Comrades be by Sea and Land:
That you'd vouchsafe to carry w'ye
The sooty Tribe to Italy;
Where you shall build for proper use,
On your own ground a Farm-house,
After you've been to's'd on the Seas,
Some twenty stormy Voyages.*

Now, that you may know the beginning
Of those disasters we have been in;
The full relation of the story,
In brief I'll lay down thus before ye.
You must know *Paris* stole away
A Wench from Greece, hight *Hellena*;
For such a Drab I'd give a Broad-piece,
She'd make ones teeth chatter in Codpiece.
For this the Cuckold *Menelaus*
Sent *Grecians* o'er to clapper-claw us;
And if 'twere possible to pillage,
Plunder, and rife all our Village:

(l) ——— *si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.*

(m) *Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troja penates,
Hos cape fatorum comites, his mœnia quere,
Magna pererrato statuas quæ denique ponto.*

And

And by 'em we were us'd, worse us'd ay,
 Than Whore by 'Prentice on Shrove-tuesday.
 But to go on now, with the rest,
 We must return whence we digrest.
 While in my Dream, methought stout *Hector*
 Was holding forth his Curtain-lecture,
 And in cold sweat I did in bed ly,
 (n) I heard of noises a strange medley:
 In streets some farther off some nigher,
 (o) Men cry'd out, murther, fire, fire;
 They such a racket kept and riot,
 That not a Soul could sleep in quiet.
 Alarum'd thus from sleep I rouse,
 (p) And got a-stride the ridge of house,
 Deeming it politick and proper,
 T'avoid the scandal of Eves-dropper;
 And list'ning fate, where I got up,
 Till I had almost gaul'd my crup.
 (q) Even as a Butcher that has waited
 Impatiently to see Bull baited,
 Who, through forgetfulness or mistake,
 Has not seen him ty'd fast to his stake;

(n) *Diverso interea miscentur amania luctu:*

(o) *Clavescunt sonitus, ———*

(p) *Excusior somno, & summi fastigia recti
 Ascensu supero, atque arrectis auribus asto.*

(q) *In segetem veluti ——— &c. —*

——— *aut rapidus montano flumine torrens,
 Sternit agros, sternit sata leta boumque labores,
 Præcipitesque trahit sylvas, stupet inscius alto
 Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.*

Scoures o'er the field (enough to weary him)
 As fast as e'er his legs can carry him ;
 Though ignorant yet where the stage is,
 That hardy Dog with Bull engages :
 At last he getting upon Hillock,
 Cursing himself, the devil, and Ill-luck,
 With heart at mouth hears noise from far
 Of hey Bull, hey, aware, aware ;
 Where when the fury is encreas'd,
 Of the torn persecuted beast ,
 Like Packthread he the cord does break,
 Setting from bondage free his neck :
 Then making still his honour good,
 He charges through the multitude,
 Where some he kicks, and some does gore,
 And tumbles others o'er and o'er ; (ches,
 Breaks barrs and gates down, leaps o'er dit-
 And marrs whate'er within his reach is,
 Drawing a score (ten devils clatter him)
 At end of cable headlong after him :
 With a concern as great did I hear,
 The hurry, tumult, noise and crys here.
 Then said I, finding these disasters,
 Hold, I'll be with you straight, my Masters.
 (r) With that I took up knotted truncheon,
 As good as ever head made bunch on,
 And like a mad-man made at foes,
 Dealing about dead-dozing blows.

(r) *Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.*

Nor was this done out of mere passion,
 But on mature deliberation ;
 (s) For 'tis esteemed nobler far,
 To die in battel, or in war,
 Than sneakingly to shrink from glory,
 And let rogues doe your business for ye.
 (t) Just in the nick, lo ! here we meet
 Old father *Pantheus* in the street :
 He was a greasie, gouty Fryar,
 Big round as barrel, and no higher.
 This righteous man did back encumber,
 With a whole load of holy lumber :
 As relicks, images, and pixes,
 Beads, rapers, wafers, crucifixes :
 In hand he lead his little Son,
 Which he begat on maiden Nun.
 Father, said I, udsooks, how fare ye ?
 Fear not a jot but rest you merry ;
 Thus arm'd, I speak it not in sport t'ye,
 I'm sure the devil can never hurt ye.
 (u) What saint shall we now make sure card on,
 To intercede for us for pardon ?
 (*) Said he, and a deep sigh he fetches
 That burst the button off his breeches,

-
- (s) ———— *-pulchrúmque mori succurrit in armis.*
 (t) *Ecce autem telis Pantheus elapsus Achivum,*
Pantheus Otriades, arcis Phæbique sacerdos ;
Sacra manu, victósque deos, parvúmque nepotem
Ipse trahit : ———— (cem ?
 (u) *Quo res summa loco, Pantheu ? quam prendimus ar-*
 (*) *Vix ea factus eram, gemitu cum talia reddi :*

Ab I son, I have pray'd more than bis, ter,
But they do no hopes administer :

Therefore I say, good son Æneas,
You may e'en doe now what you ple-as.

(x) Alack, quod he, the day is come,
That we must go to our long home :

Once we were Trojans, marry were us;
As good as those that went before us ;
And Troy was once a town as pretty,
I'm sure, and dare be bold to say i' ye,
Altho' they now have made a spoil on't,
As any within forty mile on't.

(y) We and our wealth, for all our buffings,
Belong now to those ragga-muffins.

It is in vain to try to stay power,
For yonder now they buff and vapour,
Rejoycing that they 've beat to pieces,
Such a fine Market-town as this is.

(z) Now from yon horse, as from their chief-hold,
The Greeks arm'd tumble out thick and threefold;
From wem, and maw, he wen does vent,
And orifice of fundament :

So armies it is said long agon,
Sprung from mirac'lous teeth of dragon.

(x) *Venit summa dies & ineluctabile tempus*
Dardaniæ: fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium,——

(y) *—— Ferus omnia Jupiter Argos*
Transtulit.

(z) *Arduum armatos mediis in mœnibus astant*
Fundit equus.——

(a) There

(a) *There* Sinon too, that rogue stands sneering,
Insulting o'er's, and domineering ;
And on our miseries breaks his jest,
Playing his devils tricks with the rest,
His Christmases gambols, and his pranks,
For which he'll one day have small thanks.

One cannot stir, but mutineers
Fly thick as hops about ones ears :

(b) *Some lurking sit in lanes and by-ways,*
Some keep the gates, and some the high-ways ;

(c) *And in each corner of the town,*
They stand with clubs to knock us down.
The Watch dead-drunk they did surprize ;
And e'er they could unglue their eyes,
They did salute 'em by such rude ways,
They'd not been cudgell'd so these two days.
And this was a disastrous mischance,
They could not see to make resistance.

(d) *At this old father's sad relation,*
My courage straight felt inflammation ;
Then, among swords and clubbs I run
Desprate as bullet shot from gun :

——— (a) *viâorque* Sinon incendia miscet
Insultans. ———

——— (b) *portis alii biparentibus adsunt,*
Obsedere alii telis angusta viarum
Oppositi. ———

(c) ——— *Stat ferri acies mucrone corusco*
Stricta, parata neci, vix primi praelia tentant
Portarum vigiles, & cæco Marte resistunt.

(d) *Talibus Orriade dictis, & numine divum*
In flammâ & in arma feror. ———

And,

And, to say truth, I maul'd 'em worse
 Than muskettoon, or blunderbuss.
 A gang of roaring boys and stout,
 (e) To aid our party falli'd out:
Iphytus leading van did fly on,
 Invading foes like any Lyon.
 A wight he was expert and able,
 As e'er appear'd at head of rabble:
 Oft had he fought, where kept now Bear is,
 In bloody field of *Garden-paris*.
 He from a lad had train'd up bin,
 In rugged tavern discipline,
 And merely out of his own seeking,
 Had serv'd a 'prentiship to kicking,
 Oft had himself felt and his noddle,
 The brunt of quart-pot, and of bottle:
 He'd stand you still as any stock,
 Tho' beaten four hours by the clock;
 Yet he knew when to give his blow,
 If there occasion were or so.
 (f) *Ripheus* and *Dymas* marcht behind us,
 And with detachment quickly joyn'd us:
 With ogling spark, *Choræb* by name,
 Who talkt of charms much, darts and flame;

(e) *Addunt se socios Ripheus, & maximus annis*
Iphitus,——

(f) —— *Dymásque*
Et lateri agglomerant nostro, juvenisque Choræbus
Mygdonides, illis ad Trojam forte diebus
Venerat insano Cassandræ incensus amore.

Whose

Whose heart within his breast was sodden,
 Like chitterlin or boil'd black-pudding:
 To tail of Drab he had an itching,
 And comes me to *Troy* town a bitching.
Cassandra was (a burning shame on,
 Such wanton dames) this youngster's leman :
 She was in Planets a great dealer ;
 A Gypsey and a Fortune-teller.
 If any goods were lost, this Madam,
 Would make the starrs confess who had 'em ;
 Inform you better, if possible,
 Than scieve and shears, or key and bible.
 Now she had told her dear bedogged,
 That fortune to him would prove rugged ;
 If he the *Greeks* engag'd they'd scour him,
 And clapper claw his coxcomb for him.
 (g) Yet he without or fear, or dread,
 Went on, not minding what she said :
 Resolving to help us in distress,
 And fight in honour of his mistress.
 (b) When I saw them like dogs and bears,
 All got together by the ears,
 To braver deeds I still provoke 'em ;
 And thus amidst the fight bespoak 'em.

(g) *Et gener auxilium Priamo phrygiûsque ferebat
 Infelix, qui non sponsæ præcepta furentis
 Audierat.*

(h) *Quos ubi confertos audere in prælia vidi,
 Incipio super his : Juvenes, fortissima frustra
 Pectora, si vobis audentem extrema cupido
 Certa sequi ; quæ sit rebus fortuna videris.*

Fight

Fight on, fight on, my lads of mettall,
 Why should we stand still and be beat all:
 Tho' fortune crosses us, pray bark yet,
 Let's make the best of a bad market.
 Our houses are all ras'd and plunder'd,
 There's scarcely two stand of two hundred,
 And all our hopes alas are vain,
 Ever to build 'em up again.
 (i) Our very gods themselves forsake us,
 And for all them old nick may take us:
 If you mean, as some do for certain,
 To poor Æneas to appertain,
 Let those that will my fortunes follow,
 Throw up their greasie caps and hollow.
 Spurr'd on by rage, and rancour fatal,
 (k) Let us all rush into the battle:
 Better thus dy to Greeks than bend once,
 For if they kill's, why there's an end on's:
 The dangerous safety we can hope for,
 As things go, I'd not give a rope for:
 (l) That alone's left for men in thrall,
 Even to hope for none at all.
 This Speech blew up their martial ire,
 And straight their courages took fire.

(i) *Excessere omnes adiis arisque relictis*
Dii———

(k) —— *moriāmur, & in media arma ruāmus.*

(l) *Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.*
Sic animi juvenum furor additus.———

(m) As rats that down are in the straw,
 When hunger does their entrails gnaw,
 At midnight creep out of their nest,
 Leaving their litter all at rest ;
 And run thro' larder, safe, and pantry,
 Trying all ways for food they can try ;
 Tho' traps with iron teeth, and gin,
 Stand in their road to catch 'em in :
 With no less hazzard of our ruine,
 We hurried on to our undoing :
 Without or fear or wit we flee
 Thro' thickest ranks o'th' enemy,
 Where brickbats, faggot-sticks, and flates
 Flew thick as hail about our pates :
 Yet did we ne'er retract a foot,
 Tho' sure to have our brains beat out.

(n) O, who can without tears recite
 The dire mishaps of this black night ?
 Now was an ancient corporation,
 Brought utterly to desolation,
 That for some hundred years had sent,
 Two Burgesses to Parliament.

(m) ——— *Inde lupi ceu*
Raptores, atra in nebula, quos improba ventris
Exegit cecos rabies, catulique relictii
Faucibus expectant siccis : per tela, per hostes
Vadimus haud dubiam in mortem. ———

(n) *Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando*
Explicet ? aut possit lachrymis, &c. ———
Urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos.

(o) Our

(o) Our *Trojans* in the ways lay scatter'd
 In deadly swoon, all bruise'd and batter'd.
 Some falter'd, that did ne'er before fail,
 And there they lay as dead as door nail,
 In their gore weltering on the stones,
 Mere rawheads all and bloody-bones :
 Some others roaring run about
 With half their eyes and teeth beat out.

(p) Nor did alone the *Trojans* bear
 The sad extremities of war ;
 For oft the vanquisht, you must note,
 Pluck up their hearts and tack about :
 Then rallying up their scatter'd forces,
 They kick, and fling, and wince like horses.
 Thus tho' at first, the *Grecian* rogues
 Beat us about like any dogs ;
 Yet we at length the foe did maul,
 And Victors by the vanquish'd fall.

(q) Some sturdy *Greeks* that had stood to't,
 Were bruise'd all o'er from head to foot ;
 Some had their huckles out and rumps,
 Or legs quite cropt off to the stumps :
 Some had one ear off, t'other on,
 Some men had both, and some had none.

(o) *Plurima p̄rque vias sternuntur inertia passim
 Corpora.*

(p) ——— *nec soli pernas dant sanguine Teucri :*
Quondam etiam victis redit in p̄cordia virtus,
Victoresque cadunt Danaï : ———

————— (q) *crudelis ubique
 Luctus, ubique pavor, & plurima mortis imago.*

There

There was such fobs, such sighs and groanings,
Such yelling, and such bitter moanings,
That had your Grace but been a near it,
'Twould made your heart e'en bleed to hear it.
Here some were skirmishing, some flying,
Some standing upright, others lying,
Others upon the ground were sprawling,
Some reel'd and others were a falling:
And there was such a confus'd scene
Of wounded and of dying men, (tick,
That 'twould have made e'en *Hemskerk* fran-
To have design'd a piece so antick.
(r) *Androgeos* to us first did come,
Environ'd like to Serjeant Bum,
With his black guard of Janizaries;
For blows prepar'd if skirmish arise;
Not dreaming in the least, but we
Belong'd to *Grecian* Company.
But as he marcht a little nearer,
He presently perceiv'd his errour;
Tho' he at first did somewhat doubt him,
(s) He found us *Trojans* all about him:
Whereat amazed fore with wonder,
He powder'd back again like thunder:

(r) *Primus se, Danaum magnâ comitante catervâ,
Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens,
Inscius* — — —

————— (s) *sensit medios delapsus in hostes.
Obstupuit retrôque pedem cum voce repressit.*

(r) As

(t) As Scholar nimble back does run,
 At sight of Creditor or Dun,
 When he does nick him unawares
 Coming from dinner or from pray'rs;
 While Town's-man forward does advance
 With surly, threatening countenance:
Androgeos so, such terrour shook him,
 E'en fairly to his heels betook him.
 (u) 'Mongst thickest troops we jostle in,
 And boldly spur through thick and thin.
 About our ears we hear a rattle
 Of arms and men engag'd in battle;
 The fault'ring foe around us drops
 Upon the ground as thick as hops.
 These to escape no shift could make,
 Altho' their lives were now at stake;
 For with amazement struck and fear,
 They knew not where about they were.
 (*) Fortune at first leer'd on us friendly,
 As if she meant to use us kindly:
 But 'twas all sham, a mere device,
 To lead's into fools paradise.

- (t) *Improvissum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem
 Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repente refugit;
 Attollentem iras, & cœrula colla tumentem.
 Flaud secus Androgeos visu tremefactus abibat:*
 (u) *Irruimus densis & circumfundimur armis,
 Ignarôsque loci passim, & formidine captos
 Scernimus.*
 ———— (*) *aspirat primo fortuna labori.*

So Jilt gulls Spark, in such lewd fashion,
 With hopes of carnal copulation,
 But when he thinks he has her fast,
 She shews him slippry trick at last :
 Now seeing Grecian courage droop,
 (x) *Choræbus* straight was cock a hoop.

Where fortune leads, says he, lets goe,
 And let us charge through friend and foe :
 Boys, let's goe on and forces rally,
 And never stand thus shall I, shall I ;
 Dispraise to none, and without slander,
 Dame Fortune is a great Commander ;
 And whensoever this Goddess please,
 We may be safe as mouse in cheese :
 But if by her we are withstood,
 Cunning or strength shall make it good ;
 And this I will demonstrate plain,
 By subtle strategem of brain.

(y) Let ev'ry man a Grecian make at,
 And strip him of his arms and jacket :
 What signifies it whether we
 Conquer by might or treachery ?
 Let's with their cloaths our selves accouter,
 And tho' we shall not be the stouter,
 Yet by these arts we shall, you know,
 Be as like Greeks as Crow to Crow.

(x) *Atque hic exultans successu animisque Choræbus :
 O socij, qua prima, inquit, fortuna salutis
 Monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur.*

(y) *Mutemus clypeos, Danaûmque insignia nobis
 Aptemus ; dolus, an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?*

E

(z) With

(z) With that he takes one by the throat,
And eas'd his shoulders of his coat,
Of dudgeon, and of stout thrum cap,
Which sav'd his crown from many a rap.

Thus have I fatal hangman seen
Uncas'd distressed Gentlemen,
When they up *Holborn* hill do come
To receive Tyburn martyrdom;
In two wheel'd Charriot thither sent,
To make last Will and Testament:

(a) The rest, stirr'd up by courage ample,
Began to follow his example:

Tom Dymas and *Dick Ripheus* both
Strut it about in *Grecian* cloath;
Equipt and ti'd to rusty Swords,
They thought themselves as fine as Lords.

(b) Then *Greeks* and *Trojans* marcht in dozens,
As if they had been cater-cosins.

From this contrivance hoping more luck,
We took occasion by the forelock;

(c) For tho' the night was black as pitch,
And we could scarce tell which was which;
Yet we did maul 'em so, and wound 'em,
So tune their doublers, and confound 'em,

(z) ——— *sic fatui, deinde comantem*
Androgei galeam, chypeique insigne decorum
Induitur, laterique Argivum accommodat enssem.

(a) *Hoc Ripheum, hoc ipso Dymas, omnisque Juvenus*
Leta facit; spoliis se quisque recentibus armat.

(b) *Vadimus immixti Danais, ———*

(c) *Multaque per cecam congressi praelia noctem*
Conferimus, multos Danaum demittimus orco.

That

That, quitting arms, they leave off fighting,
 And run away as swift as lightning.
 (d) Some run to th' Wharf, so great their fear is,
 Betaking 'em to Oars and Wherries :
 While others, sadly terrifi'd,
 Creep in again to horses side.
 So tyny mouse from hole does creep,
 When all the Family's asleep,
 Moving by little on, and little,
 To prog about the house for vitt'e ;
 But if the least thing chance to stir,
 She whips you back e'en dead with fear :
 Thus swiftly turning her about,
 Pops into th' hole where she came out.
 Alas! we may o'ercome great terrors,
 And think our selves mighty Conquerors,
 But no one e'er can have good fortune,
 (e) Except the gods he does importune ;
 Except their wills he does examine ;
 And they to his requests say, Amen.
 That what I say is truth as sterling,
 As e'er was twang'd by British Merlin,
 By instance sad which follows (since ye
 May hap to doubt) I'll soon convince ye.
 Lo here behold a ruthfull sight,
 Enough to make you cry outright ;
 For Grecians Miss Cassandra got,
 With whom, 'tis sung, they would been naught.

- (d) *Diffugiunt alii ad naues, & littora cursu
 Fida petunt, pari ingentem formidine turpi
 Scandunt, rursus equum, & nota conduntur in alvo.*
 (e) *Heu, nihil invitis fas quengquam fidere divi!*

(f) Her they drag out of habitation,
 Then following her occupation.
 She was a gamesome Lass, and comely
 As e'er for service did on bum ly;
 About this Punk they were at rut,
 And up they turned had her scut,
 And taken hold, base rogues, and shameless,
 By a said place that shall be nameless.
 And would you think it now, but these currs
 Did pull poor Pufs so by the whiskers,
 It made her squall so loud and shrill,
 You might have heard her half a mile.

(g) *Choræb*, who did at this time woo her,
 And had, it seems, a month's mind to her,
 Was vext at Plucks, and storm'd most shrewdly
 To see 'em handle her so rudely.

(b) With that among the rout he threw him,
 (Altho' he thought they'd hack and hew him)
 Where he nor life, nor death regarding,
 Laid peals of blows on without warding;
 Most solemnly protesting to her,
 He'd lose his life, but he'd rescue her,

(i) Tho' in the rear we marcht at distance,
 We soon came up to his assistance:

(f) *Ecce trahebatur passis Priameia virgo
 Crinibus à templo Cassandra. — &c.*

(g) *Non tulit hanc speciem furiatâ mente Choræbus,*

(h) *Et sese medium injecit moriturus in agmen.*

(i) *Consequimur cuncti, & densis incurrimus armâ.
 Hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis
 Nostrorum obruimur, oriturque miserrima cadés,*

But

But here our *Trojans*, by *Greeks* hunted,
 To top of house, on ridge well mounted,
 Fierce storms of Brickbats letting fly,
 Gaul'd with their shot our Infantry,
 Till many an Hero fell to ground,
 And gave up ghost through mouth of wound.
 (k) Full strangely did these ills befall us;
 For by mistake they thus did maul us.
 They thought us *Grecians* by our habit;
 But we were *Greeks* the devil a bit.
 (l) Here *Ajax*, a huge filthy dray-man
 (Whose mutton-fist's enough to slay man)
 With both the *Atridae* first accost us,
 And to some purpose did rib-roast us;
 In droves they came on all sides of us,
 And we ran as the devil drove us.
 (m) Thus when a foot-ball match is made,
 And ball i'th' midst on ground is laid;
 From each part runs you bully rustick,
 To take advantage of the first kick;
 Then with all might and main they meet,
 Breast thumping breast, feet knocking feet,

(k) *Armorum facie, & Graiarum errore jubarum.*

(l) *Undique collecti invadunt, acerrimus Ajax
 Et gemini Atridae.*——

(m) *Adversî rupio ceu quondam turbine venti
 Confligunt, Zephyrûsque, Notûsque, & lætus Eois
 Eurûs equis :—— sæ vitque tridenti
 Spûmeus, atque imo Nereus ciet æquora fundo,*

Saluting rudely with a thwack hard,
 Enough to beat each other backward.
 Then in the kennel foot-ball goes,
 Where strugling over boots and shoes,
 They stir the mud up from the bottom,
 And dash and fling it all about 'um.
 (n) Now those whom, e'er our trick was known,
 W' had cudgell'd all about the town,
 From hucksters hands were scarcely got out,
 E'er they began to smell our plot out.
 We thought, god wor, to blind their eyes
 By Masquerade and strange disguise;
 But they no sooner on us stare,
 But found out what, and who we were:
 Then to us with four Crab-tree coming,
 They pay'd us richly for our mumming.
 (o) Besides, they ken'd us by our prating;
 For they spake Greek, and we spake Latin.
 (p) Before our men could face about,
 We were attackt by warlike rout;
 Which mustering up full many a score in't,
 Came pouring on us like a torrent,
 And cowardly death our thin ranks scour'd,
 By base unmanly odds o'er-pow'r'd.

(n) *Illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram
 Fudimus insidiis, totaque agitavimus urbe,
 Apparent*-----

-----*Primi clypeos mentitæque rela*

(o) *Agnoscunt, atque ora sono discordia signant.*

(p) *Illicet obruimur numero,*-----

Courageously yet we stood to't all,
Tho' two to one is odds at foot-ball.

(q) *Choræbus* first before our eyes
To letch'ry fell a sacrifice.

Dick Riphens next, who, tho' a taylor,
Was yet a plain, and upright dealer :
He always was for moderate getting,
And made a conscience of cheating ;
Honest, to none's dispraise be't said,
As ever broke a bit of bread.

(r) And here old *Panthus* too does make one,
Not all his saints could save his bacon ;
Religion some small comfort gave him,
But that too little was to save him :
Not Sign of Cross, or Holy-water,
Could guard the wellfed Priest from slaughter;
These keep from sprights, and common evils,
But *Greeks* were ten times worse than devils.
Now seeing that we could no hope see,
And things were turn'd quite turvy topsy ;
Minding what future ills might happen,
I forthwith put considering cap on.

To Comerades straight I gave advice

(s) To make escape, if they were wise ;

(q) ————*primusque Choræbus*
Procumbit: cadit & Riphens justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus equi.

(r) ————*nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.

(s) ————*divellimur inde ,*
Iphitus & Pelias mecum:-----
-----quorum Iphitus avo
Jam gravior, Pelias & vulnere tardus Ulyssesi.

And tho' the fools were mad to stay,
 I took them out of harms way.
Iphitus was a Champion stout,
 But at that time he had the Gout ;
 And *Pelias* wrestling with *Ulysses*,
 Had both his shins broke all to pieces :
 So manfully we three desert 'em,
 Fight Dog, fight Bear, the Devil part 'em.
 While we our bodies thus convey,
 From ruthfull *Greeks*, and bloody fray :
 (t) At *Priam's* house we heard loud Clamours,
 Like those that Cats make in their Amours.
 A house he kept where you might in goe,
 And drink, ifack, a cup of *Stingo*.
 Besides he had tight Jades and clean
 To wait on loving Gentlemen ;
 And for your pelf he would afford
 You Welcome both at bed and board.
 An old experienc'd Wife he had,
 That was laborious in the trade ;
 Whom he, for skill in female game,
 The mother of his maids did name.
 (u) Now at his house there was such huffing,
 Such drubbing, kicking, and such cuffing,
 As if our men and *Greeks* fled hither,
 Were all got by the ears together.

(t) *Protinus ad sedes Priami, clamore vocati.*

(u) *Hic verò ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam
 Bella ferent,
 Cernimus.*

And troth 'twas such a hot dispute,
 Our other broils were nothing to't.
 To storm the house they now prepar'd,
 (*) And ladders 'gainst the walls were rear'd,
 Then up they march with resolution
 To doe, not suffer, execution.
 Some broke the Lattice, some the Windores,
 Some storm'd without, and some withindoors.
 (x) Old *Priam's* Tapster straight got up
 And Ostler *Will* to houses top :
 This threw down Slates, the other him nigh,
 Pusht on the rabble half a Chimney ;
 While distress'd handmaids from within,
 Pour'd Piss-pots down with thick and thin :
 And e'er they had broke up the fore door,
 They were half drown'd in Piss and Ordure.
 (y) Two files of Bullies, Pimps and Panders,
 Who were in this Smock-war Commanders,
 Stood with drawn Whiniards and thick Canes
 Enough to knock out Peoples Brains,
 Keeping at each door such strict Centry,
 That not a man could make his entry.

(*) *Herent parietibus scale*—

(x) ——— *Prensant fastigia dextrin.*

Dardanidae contra turres, ac tecta domorum

Culmina convellunt : ———

Aurasque trabes veterum decora alta parentum

Devolvunt : ———

(y) ——— *alii strictis mucronibus imas*

Obsedere fores, has servant agmine densò.

(z.) *Then*

(z) Then courage warming, we took heart,
And ran to take the Buttock's part ;
For I, forsooth, do love a Strumpet,
Much better than to hear a Drum beat.

(a) There backward lay in *Priam's* house,
A place of most important use ;
From back stairs here you might arrive at
Convenient Lobby dark and private.
Old *Hecuba* oft brought you hither,
Young loving things to toy together.
There on Flock-bed, 'twixt rug and blanket,
They us'd to feast on amorous banquet.
And gamesters following recreation,
Gave oppress'd dam'sells consolation ;
And nymphs of statutable bigness,
Did exercise to cure green-sickness.

(b) Not far from this there was a wall,
That threatned ev'ry hour to fall,
Buttress'd, and held by many a prop,
To keep the tott'ring ruines up :

(z) *Instaurati animi, regis succurrere testis,
Auxilioque levare viros, vimque addere victis.*

(a) *Limen erat, cæcæque fores, & pervius usus
Teſtorum, — postesque relictæ
A tergo : infelix, quæ se dum regna manebant,
Sæpius Andromache ferre incommittata solebat
Ad soceros, & avo puerum Astyanax traherebat.*

(b) *Turrim in præcipiti stantem, —
—————qua summa labantes
Juncturas tabulata dabant. ————*

(c) Hither

(c) Hither we stole, forsooth, d'y mind it,
And crept unseen, d'y see, behind it ;
Then at the word at once all move,
And gave it such a mauling shove,
That down it went in peals of thunder,
Upon th' affrighted *Greeks* just under ;
Some struggling lay, and did bemoan 'em
With loads of rubbish cast upon 'em :
Some lay in swoon with loss of urine,
Tho' not of blood, and some past curing,
Had all their puddings squash'd from belly,
Batter'd and bruis'd quite to a jelly.

(d) Then pebbles, flesh-forks, hatchets, spits,
And truncheons flew about the streets.
Bold *Pyrrhus* did attack the foregate,
With Pot-lid arm'd of brass for Target :
He was a valorous Knight, say some,
O'th' order styl'd of Kettle-drum ;
And learnt his lore of *Zoroaster*,
Of all black arts the first grand master.
This Champion valu'd not at all
The shock of powder, or of ball ;

(c) -----*convellimus altis*
Sedibus, impulimusque ; ea lapsa repente ruinam
Cum sonitu trahit, & Danaum super agmina lata
Incidit ; --- --- ---

(d) --- --- ---*nec saxa, nec ullum*
Telorum interea cessat genus. --- ---
--- --- ---*primoque in limine Pyrrhus*
Exultat telis, & luce coruscus abena.

For

For proudly clad in brazen arms,
He was made proof against all harms:
In which more bright the Warriour shone,
Than Kettle that he workt upon.

(e) Thus when the Sun to our coast flies on,
And neighbouring beams warm the horizon,
The Butterfly does cast his shell,
Where he did part o'th' winter dwell:
Then painted wings he does unfold,
All spangl'd o'er with studs of Gold;
And on his forehead high advances,
In warlikewise a brace of launces.

(f) With him, one *Periphas*, a mighty
Champion that would whole armies fight ye;
And one *Automedon* joyn'd forces,
The Beadle to *Achilles* horses:
As high as garret up they clamber,
And throw i'th' windows of each chamber
Whole burning fagots, torches, flambows,
With wch they lent us oft such damn'd blows,
That down the stairs agen we posted,
With heat of rage and fire half roasted.

(e) *Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, — —*
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positus novus exuviiis, nitidusque juvenis,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, & linguis micat ore trifidus.

(f) *Una ingens Periphas, & equorum agitator Achilles*
Armiger Automedon: — — —
Succedunt recto, & flammæ ad culmina jactant.

Whilst

Whilst on the house this party rambles,
 Playing their devils tricks and gambols,
 (g) *Pyrrhus*, that damn'd mischievous fellow,
 The door was breaking open below :
 It was full strong, but he did maul't,
 By axes, battery and assault,

'Till with some four or five good swinges,
 He beat the door clear off the hinges :
 Making a breach so wide, at least,
 Some six men might goe in abreast.

(b) Within there stood those Pimps & Bullies,
 Of whom before there mention full is,
 To bid him welcome to the house,
 With Club and Circumbendibus.

(i) Within they sigh't and groan'd most sadly,
 And wept and wail'd most lamenably :

* Just such a coil, by my shoul there ish,
 Heard at the howling dirge of *Irish*.

* *Poeta lo-*
quitur.

In all the rooms 'bout house the cielings
 Did ring with harlots shrieks and yellings.
 From room to room they ferk'd about,
 As if they play'd at in and out.

(g) *Ipse inter primos, correptâ dura bipenni*
Limina perrumpit, postêsq; à cardine vellit
Eratos :---

--- *Et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.*

(h) *Armatôsq; vident stantes in limine primo.*

(i) *At domus interior gemitu, multoq; tumultu*
Miscetur :--- penitûsq; cava plangoribus ædes
Femineû ululant :---

Not

Not Virgin's squeak so loud when knavish
 Rascal does hold her down to ravish.
 (k) The good old matrons and young women
 (That were ne'er known before to flee men)
 Trembling from corner flew to corner,
 No soul scarce knew which way to turn her.
 (l) And now they to the bed-posts cling,
 And clip 'em round like any thing,
 Kissing 'em over, ay and over,
 Kindly as 'twere a Cully-lover :
 Where they had often pastime took,
 At a game call'd, Hey goody cook.
 (m) Still Captain Swath as fierce as Tartar
 Advanc'd, not giving any quarter.
 He pulls the doors and chambers all down;
 Bauds, pimps, & whores, before him fall down.
 Our Guards, from pillar bang'd to post,
 He kick'd about till they were lost :
 His nasty Comrades, (filthy scum)
 And his black guard fill up each room.
 The wailing Punks where e'er they meet em,
 They forthwith back and belly beat 'em ;

-
- (k) *Tum pavide testis matres ingentibus errant :*
 (l) *Amplexaque tenent postes, atque oscula figunt.*
 (m) *Insistat vi patria Pyrrhus ;*
 labat ariete crebro
Janua, & emori procumbunt cardine postes.
 —primosque trucidant
Immissi Danaï, & late loca milite complent.

For their diversion, first they seague 'em,
 And then inhumanly unrigg 'em.
 About they rummage next, and knock off
 From harlots trunks and boxes lock off.
 Here one they found stuff quite brimfull
 Of patches, paints, and *Spanish* wooll,
 With top-knots fine, to make 'em pretty,
 With tippet, pallateen and fettee.
 The next was stor'd, to keep 'em wholesome,
 With plaisters, pills, rags, lint and balsam,
 Diet-drinks, bolus and guiacum ;
 To save if Monsieur chanc'd to take 'um.
 Then to the kitchen slew these dragoons,
 And batter'd pispots, cups and flaggons.
 Some for the cellar had dispatches,
 Where these ungodly wastfull wretches,
 Pox on the rogues, to take their farewells,
 Beat all the heads out of the barrels :
 In bucket fulls the drink gush'd out,
 And set the tapping-rubs a-float.
 Whatever they could rape or rend,
 They down into the cellar send,
 Jugs, tables, stools, cups, plates and knives,
 To drown, or else swim for their lives :
 Down next the bed goes with a whore on't,
 For where the more's in't there's the more on't,
 They for these mischiefs done were glad men,
 And pour'd upon's like any mad-men.

(n) Not

- (n) Not bottl'd ale made ripe to dose us
 With clyster sugar or molossus ;
 When it is troubled with the wind,
 And fretts and swells to be confin'd,
 When having beat th'opposing cork out,
 From bottle's mouth so fierce does work out:
 Darting out raging heaps of foam,
 Bouncing and hissing round the room.
- (o) Here might you see those harlot-pochers,
 Sprinkl'd all o'er with blood like butchers :
 And *Hecuba*, with all her daughters,
 In gowns of Crape, quite torn to tatters.
- (p) Old *Priam* sate, to hide from *Greek* here,
 By kitchen fire in chair of wicker ;
 But so with blood his nose did spin out,
 He put that small fire that was in out.
 (For he on smellers you must know
 Receiv'd a sad unlucky blow :) [come
- (q) He'd daughters store whose wealth did
 From custome-office of their Bum.

- (n) *Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
 Exiit: oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo.——*
- (o) —— *vidi ipse furentem
 Cæde Neoptolemum, geminosque in limine Attridas:
 Vidi Hecubam centumque nurus,——*
- (p) —— *Piræumque per aras
 Sanguine fœdantem, quos ipse sacraverat, ignes.*
- (q) *Quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
 Forsitan & Priami fuerint que fata requirat.*

And

And did not doubt but live to see
A very hopefull family.

(r) And now sweet *Di-*: blith Lais & dainty,
You would perhaps that I acquaint ye,
How *Priam* far'd (these squabbles past)
And what became of him at last.

When he perceiv'd they'd took the Town,
Plunder'd and pull'd their houses down,
And the small Cottage he possess,
Was pillag'd too among the rest;
And *Grecian* foe, as said before is,
Was got into his territories;

(s) His Arms he fetch'd cover'd o'er with dust,
And almost eaten up with rust.

(He'd been a pretty fellow of's hands,
And still was one of the train-bands;
And tho' his limbs the Palsie shook,
Yet he within had heart of Oak.)

With ratling noise first o'er his ears
He flung his dainty bandaleers;
And for the better grace o'th' matter,
His musket soon he shoulder'd after:
Then to his bold courageous side,
His broad *militia* Sword he ty'd.

(r) *Urbs ubi capta casum, convulsaque vidit (stem;*
Limina tectorum, & medium in penetralibus ho-

(s) *Arma diu senior desueta tremantibus avo*
Circumdat nequicquam humeris, ———

————— *& inutile ferrum*
Cingitur, ———

F

(t) Hard

(f) Hard by, as still some things will hap well,
 There was a little paltry chappel,
 Where *Hecub's* daughters us'd to go
 To pray, or be pick'd up, or so :
 They were well bred, and would oblige one,
 And still had been o'th' old Religion.
 Now though they'd suffer'd sad mishaps,
 Yet still they fear'd some after-claps :
 (u) So here they pour'd out sad complaints
 Before the images of saints ;
 And, circling them, vow'd not to leave 'em ;
 Not dreaming but their saints would save 'em.
 (*) When *Hecub* here saw husband par'mour,
 Dress'd Cap-a-pee up in his armour ;
Husband, says she, pray leave this fiddling,
I see old fools will still be meddling :
Are you bewitch'd ? nay, whither go you ?
Why, what the murrain is come to you ?
You'll not among the Greeks, I trow,
You load your self with weapons so ?

(t) *Ingens ara fuit — — — &c.*
Hic Hecuba & nata. — — — &c.

(u) — — — & divum amplexæ simulacra tenebant.

(*) *Ipsū autem sumptis Priamum juvenilibus armis*
Ut vidit ; quæ mens tam dira, miserrime conjux,
Impulit his cingi telis ? aut, quo ruis ? inquit.
Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget : non, si ipse meus nunc afforet Hector.
Huc tandem concede ; hæc ara tuebitur omnes,
Aut moriere simul. Sic ore effata recepit
Ad sese, & sacrâ longævum in sede locavit.

Troy's

Troy's not to be defended sure,
 By such weak feeble Dicks as you are.
 Were my son Hector here, heav'n's blefs us,
 Not all his courage could redress us.
 Then, little Old Man, pray come hither,
 And let's all live, or dye together:
 With that she took up Seignior Sy,
 And plac'd him in a nook hard by.
 (x) Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Like well-blown Deer all panting runs;
 Thro' narrow lanes and streets he scours;
 And threaded eye of sundry doors,
 Where trusty Grecian posted was,
 With weapons to secure the pass:
 Hoping to fly from Pyrrhus anger,
 And balefull stroke of his proud hanger;
 But closely he his foe pursu'd,
 Tracking him by long paths of bloud,
 And down he knock't him in the place,
 Before his Father Priam's face.

- (x) *Ecce autem, elapsus Pyrrhi de cæde Polites,
 Unus natorum Priami per tela, per hostes
 Porticibus longis fugit, —————
 Saucius: illum ardens infesto vulnere Pyrrhus
 Insequitur, ————— & premit hasta.
 Ut tandem ante oculos evasit & ora Parentum
 Concidit —————*

(y) Priam (tho' he knew who it was,
And fear'd he'd serve him the same sauce)
Could not forbear to rail and threat
In language fit for *Billingsgate*.

*Base Curr, mayst thou find for thy pains
Some Bully to knock out thy brains;
Or mayst thou reap (since thus you maul us)
Thy just reward for it, the gallows.*

(z) Achilles son! a heart thou hast hard,
And art not fit to be his bastard.

*Thy Father true did Hector murder,
But did not persecute him further;
He did consent, I can assure ye all,
To give his body Christian Buriall;
Eke likewise quarter did afford
To me, the Pris'ner of his sword.*

(a) Thus said, he musket-lock 'gan pull at,
Thinking to batter foe with bullet;
But though he to discharge was eager,
Rust would not let him pull back trigger.

(y) *Hic Priamus, ————
Non tamen abstinuit, nec voci, iraque pepercit:
At tibi pro scelere, exclamat, pro talibus ausis
Dii ———— præmia reddant debita.*

(z) *At non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles
Talis in hoste fuit Priamo; ————
——— corpusque exangue sepulchro
Reddidit Hectorum, meque in mea regna remisit.*

(a) *Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelles sine ictu
Conjecit — — — — —*

This *Pyrrhus* into passion puts,
 And vex'd him to th' heart, bloud and guts.
 Then to the Wight he ran full busily,
 (b) And taking hold of beard so grisly,
 He did begin to hack and slash him,
 As he design'd alive to hash him ;
 Then lop'd off's head, with more than man's
 And made a Devil of old Gransire : [ire,
 And there he lay in bitter stound,
 Like log-wood strow'd upon the ground.
 Now when I found this *Pyrrhus* on quest
 Of farther mischiefs, and of conquest
 (c) (For to say sooth without more speeches)
 My very heart quopt in my breeches.
 But when I saw old *Priam* lost,
 And through wide wounds give up the ghost ;
 (d) I could not choose but call to mind
 My Dad, and Spouse I left behind ;
 Nor could I deem what might become
 Of my young trample-t—rd at home.
 (e) With that, I round about me stare
 To see where all my Comrades were.



- (b) *Implicuitque comam levâ. ———*
——— jacet ingens litore truncus,
Avulsûmque humeris caput. ———
 (c) *Obstupui subiitque cari genitoris imago,*
Ut regem æquevum crudeli vulnere vidi
Vitam exhalantem :
 (d) *——— subiit deserta Creûsa,*
Et direpta domus, & parvi casus Iûli.
 (e) *Respicio, & quæ sit me circum copia lustrô.*
Deseruere omnes defessi, & corpora saltu
Ad terram misere, aut ignibus agra dedere.

But they, who with me fought two full hours,
 Base cravens, now ran from their colours :
 Some leaping, fell flat on the Earth,
 And with damn'd squelch thump'd out their
 Or else thro' flames they run about, [breath ;
 Like boys thro' bonfires half burnt out.

(f) Now all the company I had,
 Was only my own self, a-dad :
 When sculking in Church-porch I saw
 Mischievous bitchfox *Helena* ;

Who there demurely fate forsooth,
 As butter'd not melt in her mouth.

(g) Whereat with rage my heart did swell,
 And flame like Beacon upon hill,
 Which warning gives, as there's occasion,
 Of foe approaching, and invasion ;
 And I resolv'd our woes (tho' dark as
 Pitch) to revenge upon her carcass.

(b) Go to, said I, shall this same Doxie
 Return to Greece ? yes with the pox t'y'.
 With Trojan spoils shall she be seen,
 To triumph there like any Queen ?

(f) *Jamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestæ
 Servantem, & tacitam secreta in sede latentem
 Tyndarida aspicio : —*

(g) *Exarsere ignes animo ; subit ira cadentem
 Ulcisci patriam.*

(h) *Scilicet hæc spartam incolumis patriasque Mycænas
 Aspiciet ? partoque ibit regina triumpho ;
 Conjugiumque, domumque, patres, natosque videbit,
 Iliadum turbâ & Phrygiis comitata ministris ?*

Shall

Shall Trojan page, and foot-men wait,
Upon her Ladyship in state,

And in this pomp shall this same Lady,
Behold her Cuckold and her Daddy?

'Tis more than time that it was done,
Sweet squeamish mistress Bitchinton.

(i) For this did Father *Priam* fall?

Was *Troy* for this burnt to a cole?

Have I for this in Skirmish stood

Up to the eyes in dirt and blood?

Why then I say, if this be true,

Sweet Mistress *Minx* 'tis well for you.

(k) But you're mistaken much, good Dutches,

You sha'n't so cheaply 'scape my clutches.

Tho' honour does accrue to no man,

By conqu'ring a poor silly woman;

And I can reap no praise, or glory,

From such a paltry mean victory:

Yet it will be some satisfaction

(Tho' not from th' greatness of the action)

Fortune has given me this fair lot,

To punish such a bloody harlot.

(i) *Occiderit ferro Priamus? Troja arserit igne?*

Dardanium toties sudavit sanguine litus?

(k) *Non ita: namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen*

Famineâ in pœna est, nec habet victoria laudem;

Extinxisse nefas tamen, & sumpsisse merentis

Laudabor pœnas; animûmque explêsse juvabit,

Utricis flammæ.

- (l) This said, I ran with fury fiercer
 Than Thunder-bolt on Miss-aggressor.
 Now, while blows passing were between us,
 Who should I meet but Mother *Venus*,
 Smug'd up and in her best array,
 Like Country-lads on Holy-day.
 In her each Ear hung at the end on't,
 Of *Bristol* Stones, a dangling Pendant;
 And thro' brown horror of night's shade,
 She brighter shine than glow-worm made:
 She never yet was finer scarce,
 When she paid visit to god *Mars*.
 (m) Then taking me fast hold by th' fist,
 Why how now Son--(quo' she)--how is't?
 And next let these words fly from mouth,
 (Which had within't a hollow tooth,
 That gave sweet hogo to her breath,
 As blast perfum'd from bum beneath,)
 (n) *What mighty grief, your favour under,*
Makes you so choleric I wonder?

- (l) *Talia jactabam, & furiatâ mente ferebar:*
Cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, videndam
Obrulit, & purâ per noctem in luce refulsit
Alma Parens, confessa deam; qualisque videri
Cœlicolis, & quanta solet;—
 (m) ——— *dextrâque prebensum*
Continuit, roseoque hæc insuper addidit ore:
 (n) *Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?*
Quid furis? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit?
Non prius aspicias, ubi fessum atate parentem
Liqueris Anchisen? superet conjux ne Creüsa,
Afcaniûsque puer? quos omnes undique Graiæ
Circumerrant acies: & ni mea cura resistat,
Jam flammæ tulerint, inimicus & hauserit ensis.

What

*What the pox makes you keep a lurry,
And run stark staring mad with fury?
If thou didst not affection smother,
Or hadst the least love for poor Mother,
You'd fly to help (as't my advice is)
Your bed-rid Father old Anchises;*

*And try if yet he may be found
Where yerst you left him safe and sound.
You'd best go seek (I'm sure I true say)
Your little Scanny, and Creusa :*

*For all the plaguey Grecians yonder,
Are roaring round the house like thunder;
And but for me e'er this, I warrant,
They'd to old Nick been sent in errand.*

*(o) You cannot blame that this your share is,
Nor Gammer Helena, nor Paris;
For by the Gods fell indignation,
Poor Troy is brought to desolation.*

*And Son, d'ye mark, I'll soon convince ye,
The Gods are tooth and nail against ye.*

*(p) With finger pointing then, quoth she,
Do you yon heap of rubbish see ?*

*(o) Non tibi Tyndaridis facies invisæ Lacæne,
Culpativæ Paris; verum inclementia divûm
Has evertit opes, sternitque à culmine Trojam.*

*(p) Aspice : ———
Hic ubi dissectas moles, avulsæque saxi,
Saxa vides, mixtôq; undantem pulvere fumum;
Neptunus muros, magnôque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, totâmq; à sedibus urbem
Eruit. Hic Juno Scæas sævissima portas
Prima tenet, sociûmq; furens à navibus agmen
Ferro accincta vocat. ———*

Where

Where clouds of smoke and dust arise,
 Enough to put out peoples Eyes:
 There Neptune bangs the walls with's Trident,
 Making full many a breach and wide in't;
 And like malicious Dog and scurvy,
 Has turn'd the Town clear topsy turvy.
 At that Gate Juno too does stand,
 With a huge Case-knife in her hand,
 And beckons Grecians from their Boats,
 To come and cut your Trojans throats.
 Beside, there's Pallas in yon Cloud,
 With all her hissing viperous brood;
 And flaming thro', with wroth she shakes
 Her Gorgon's Periwig of Snakes.
 (q) Then stand not thus in heavy dumps,
 But budge, jog on, bestir your stumps;
 One pair of heels, as the case stands,
 You'll find is worth two pair of hands.
 Here on my blessing which I give thee,
 (r) I vow and swear I'll never leave thee;
 But when in thrall, I sure enough
 Will be at hand to bring thee off.
 (s) This said, she did her Body cover
 With Night-gown of thick darkness over;
 Conveighing her from sight of folks,
 As round as in a Jugler's box.

*Jam summas arces Tritonia (respice) Pallas
 Insedit, nimbo effulgens & Gorgone sava.*

(q) *Eripe nate fugam.*

(r) *Nusquam abero, & tutum patrio te limine sistam.*

(s) *Dixerat, & spissis noctis se condidit umbris.*

(t) Then

(t) Then straight appear'd before my face
 The Town, that seem'd all in one blaze :
 But yet my Mother leading Van,
 Through flames and armed foes I ran.
 But you must know by her appointment,
 I'd bath'd my Body o'er with oyntment,
 Which in it did contain such charms,
 'Twould keep you from all sorts of harms.
 She from *Apollo* learnt this prank,
 A fam'd Italian Mountebank.
 Thus oyl'd I did no danger matter,
 (u) But ran thro' fire as you'd thro' water.
 When I, with scamp'ring e'en dog-weary,
 (*) To Mansion came Hereditary ;
 I thought to take old *Jethro's* carcass,
 And bear't to th' top of *Ida's* Stair-case.
Sink me, says he, *if e'er I mount*
Now Troy's pull'd down what will come on't.

(t) *Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignes*
Ilium. —————
Descendo, ac ducente Deo flammam inter & hostes
Expedior : —————
 (u) ——— dant tela locum, flammæque recedunt.
 (*) *Ast ubi jam patriæ perventum ad limina sedis,*
Antiquasque domos : genitor, quem tollere in altos
Optabam primum montes, —————
Abnegat excisa vitam producere Troja.
Me si cælicolæ voluissent ducere vitam,
Has mihi servassent sedes : —————
Jam pridem invisus diviis & inutilis annos
Demoror : —————

If

If these same Gods had a design
 But to protract this Life of mine,
 They had preserv'd this little Cottage,
 For me in my last years of dotage.
 I know that Jove, and ev'ry God
 Does hate me, as they hate a toad ;
 Not one of them does take my part,
 Or for my welfare care a fart :
 Then why should I hope for remedy,
 They think I've liv'd too long already ;
 Yet tho' I'm sure they do abhor me,
 They shall not doe my business for me :
 (x) Old as I am I'd have 'em know't,
 I can slip noose, or cut my throat ;
 Therefore like one of Old-Nick's Martyrs,
 On Beam I'll swing in my old garters.
 What care I where men drive a stake,
 (y) (Bury'd in cross-way) thro' my back,
 Or without rag of Shirt or Flannel,
 I rot in stinking ditch or kennel,
 Sans doggrel rhyme and two white stones,
 And Crows and Ravens pick my bones :
 (z) D'y' think, quod I, I'll leave you so ?
 I'll see you swing now e'er I go.

(x) Ipse manu mortem inveniam ———

(y) ———facilis jactura sepulchri.

(z) Mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
 Sperasti ———

Jamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus.

We scarce had ended our discourse,
But *Pyrrhus* sounds to horse to horse ;
Bloody he was, like kill-cow Priest,
Or murth'ring state Anatomist,
That Wight dissects in cruel fashion,
To learn distemper of a Nation ;
And so to cure, as oft as sick,
Disease of body politic.

On guard I stood at these alarms,

(a) And call'd my men to arms to arms :
—Friends let me go—I'll have a rubbers
With these damn'd thick-skull'd *Grecian* lubbers ;
Let me to *Logger-heads* with their Chief,
I'll box w' him for a rump of Beef :

(b) We'll give the Scoundrels, never fear,
A *Rowland* for their *Oliver* ;

And they, for all they boast and prate,
Shall buy our Hides at a dear rate.

(c) My wife came sniv'ling at this sight,
And begg'd and pray'd I would not fight ;
And with compassion to cool us,
She in her arms brought young *Iulus* :
She shriek'd, and howl'd, and whin'd, and yell'd
As loud as if she had been kill'd ;

(a) *Arma, viri, ferte arma.*———

*Reddite me Danais, finite instaurata revivam
Prælia : — — —*

(b) ——— *Nunquam hodie omnes moriemur inult.*

(c) *Ecce autem complexa, pedes in limine conjux
Hærebat ; parvumque patri tendebat Iulum.*

Nay

Nay with such vehemence did poor spouse roar,
 You might have hear'd her all the house o'er.
 (d) When, lo! a strange sight came t' our view;
 (But yet 'tis not more strange than true)
 (e) The noddle of my tiny 'Squire,
 Did seem as 'twere to flame like fire;
 And shining thro' the nights black shaddow,
 It lookt much like a hand-granado.
 (f) Gransire and Mam were in a maze
 To see his little coxcomb blaze;
 With haste his head *Anchises* strokes,
 To brush it off his gouldy locks:
 His Mother takes the Urchin after,
 And souc'd him in a pail of water,
 Thinking to put the fire out by't,
 Tho' some this way acquire new light.
 In Pond thus *Anabaptist* dipt,
 Comes forth with grace and light equipt,
 From catching Gudgeons there, and Perch,
 Grows Angler orthodox o'th' Church.
 But this, forsooth, as I will shew it ye,
 Was meerly my own ingenuity:
 I knew he'd think this Omen prosperous,
 Therefore I rubb'd his head with *Phosphorus*;

(d) — *vociferans, gemitu testum omne replebat:*
Cum subitum dictuq; oritur mirabile monstrum.

(e) *Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli*
Fundere lumen apex, tractuque innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas. —

(f) *Nos pavidī trepidare metu, crinēque flagrantem*
Excutere, & sanctos extinguere fontibus ignes.

With

With which washt o'er, like light you'll appear,
Enclos'd in Lanthorn of white paper :

But waving this, the little brat ,
Had, you must know, a Carrot-pate,
And that might with its sandy yellow
Chouse an old simple, mope-ey'd fellow.

Now this my parlous project, had
Its wish'd effect upon my Dad :

(g) For straight he hands and eyes up rears,
And fell a saying of his pray'rs.

(b) *Jove, Father of each God and Goddeß,
To whom the rest are but meer noddies ,
If all persuasions of a Crony*

*By any means may work upon ye ;
I prithee give our pray'rs admission ;
In this our tottering condition :
Which if thou dost, 'tis, I may swear't,
Thy goodness more than my desert :*

(i) Yet I beseech thee, for this once,
Bestow some token (Jove) upon's ;
By which it may be understood,
Where thou design'dst it for our good.

(g) — *Pater Anchises oculos ad sydera latus
Extulit, & cælo palmas cum voce tetendit.*

(h) *Jupiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
Aspice nos : — — —*

(i) ——— *atque hæc omina firma.
Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
Intonuit lævum. —————*

The

The Clouds straight thunder'd out a peal ;
 Thanks Jove (*quo' be*) 'tis very well,
 And thou shalt find I will not be
 Behind, Old Trout, in curtesie.
 Then turning to his Son *Aeneas*,
 He utter'd such-like words as the as :
 Well, I confess, I've been a dull,
 Obstinate, selfish, cross old fool ;
 (k) But now I'm fixt to go along
 With thee, my boykin, right or wrong.
 Come leave your prate old Bully-back ;
 (l) And mount, d'y bear, upon my Back.
 No, no, good Son, your care too much is,
 I'll limp along upon my Crutches ;
 You know I'm ponderous and fat—
 Pox, do not talk to me of that.
 (m) Now will we trot through wind and weather,
 And seek our fortunes both together.
 Why Scanny, Scanny, Sbit-breech, where—
 Come give's a fist young son and heir ;
 And do you follow Wife aloof,
 To guard along the household-stuff.

(k) *Cedo equidem, nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.*

(l) *Ergo age, chare pater, cervici imponere nostra :
 Ipse subibo humeris : -----
 ----- nec me labor iste gravabit.*

(m) *Quo res cunque cadent, unum & commune periculum,
 Una salus ambobus erit : mihi parvus Iulus
 Sit comes, & longè servet vestigia conjux.*

(n) You

(n) You *Harry, Jack, Tom, Nan, and Betty,*
D'y' see, pray mind me what I say t'y';
You'll find upon your right hand, *Harry,*
At the Town's-end a Free-stone quarry;
Not far from that, an old Barn there is,
That does belong to Gammar *Ceres.*

Half a Stones throw from thar, d'y' see,
There is an aged Haw-thorn tree,
Cird'd with bench of Turf and Rushes,
And it yclep'd the Beggars bush is:
Be sure you meet me there, and pray be
At the said place as soon as may be
Do you take, Father, if you please,
This Hawking-bag of Deeries.

(o) This said, I leatherh doublet tawny,
Threw over shoulders large and brawny.
This pelt was made, which put did I on,
O'th' skin of my old dog call'd *Lyon.*
Accouter'd thus, away I troop
With bag and baggage as round as hoop;

(n) *Vos famuli quæ dicam, animi advertite vestris.*
Est urbe egressis tumulus, templumque vetustum
Desertæ Ceresis: juxtaque antiqua cupressus.
Hanc ex diverso sedem veniemus in unam.

Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu, patribusque penates.

(o) *Hæc fatus, latos humeros subjectaque colla*
Veste super, fuitque insternor pelle leonis.

G

(p) We

(p) We trudge thro' lanes, and many a dark hole,
Which lookt as black as any Charcole.
At last with mickle labour, we do
Approach the gate of Priam's meadow;
Where suddainly I heard the trampling,
Methought, of Grecian party scamp'ring;
The distant sound and noises whereof,
Resembled paper-mills a far off.
My Dad, who (tho' there was scarce no light)
(q) Saw naturally best by Owl-light,
Look'd back, and straight to kick begun
The sides o' th' As he rode upon.
Pox o' your heels, st'rup, mend your pace,
I see the Greeks just at our arse.
(r) But as along in hurry we go,
I play-mate lost of my poor P—go.

- (p) ——— ferimur per opaca locorum,
Jânque propinquabam portis;
——— subito cum creber ad aures
Visus adesse pedum sonitus: ———
(q) ——— genitorque per umbram
Prospiciens, Nate, exclamat fuge, nate, propinquans.
(r) ——— avia cursu
Dum sequor, ———
Heu! misero conjux fatône erepta Creüsa
Substitit, erravitne via, seu lassâ recedit,
Incertum: nec post oculis est reddita nostris.
Nec prius amissam respexi. ———
Quàm tumultum antiquæ Cereris, sedémq; sacratam
Venimus. ———

Now

Now whether 'twas that she did stray,
 And in the dark might lose her way;
 Or else, with journey growing weary,
 Fainted for want of brandy-cherry;
 And she in this sad weak condition,
 Was spirited away by *Grecian*;
 Where this or that, it is no matter;
 Ne'er could I get my Doxy after.
 Nor did I find out, senseless booby,
 That she had giv'n me the go-by;
 Till I came to the place aforesaid,
 Of which here shall be now no more said.

(s) With that I laid my luggage down,
 And powder'd back agen to town.

And as I ran along like wild,
 I ask'd of man, woman, and child;

(t) Hark you, quo' I, I pray did you see,
 As you came this way, my wife *Crusy*?
 Forsooth so loud I did complain,
 The hills did Echo't back again.

(u) Said I *Creüsa*, O *Creüsa*!
 The Echo answer'd me,—so you say.
 Where should she be (quoth I) I wonder?
 She's to be found sure?—Echo,—yonder.

(s) *Ascanium, Anchisénque patrem, Teucríſque penates,*
Commendo ſociis: ———
Ipſe urbem repeto. ———

(t) *Aufus quinetiam voces jactare per umbra n*
Implevi clamore vias: — (u) Mæſtúſque Creüſam
Nequicquam ingeminans, iterúmque; iterúmque; vocavi.

Is the Ale-house, or Brandy-shop in?
 Dead, or alive?—quoth Echo,—toping.
 I'd give ten shillings to behold her,
 Or whom she's with?—Echo—a souldier.
 I'd scarce run o'er a field or two,
 (*) But I found what she said was true.
 She sat in Suburb-hutt hard by,
 Beneath thatcht roof for canopy,
 Singing, to exercise her lungs;
 Of bowling healths, and bawdy songs:
 Whilst red-coat rogue had got my Hussy,
 Fast hold, udsbobs, by th'Tuzzy-muzzy.
 Udsboars, quo' I, you paltry, naughty
 Hilding, ifaith now have I caught ye?
 Please you to move pray, if you've done
 With your gallant there Sir Dragoon.
 (x) Marry come up now, sweet John Swabber,
 You might as well have sav'd your labour;
 If I turn Gib-cat, Spouse forsaking,
 I'm one of Providence's making;
 I strive in vain 'gainst flesh, poor Creature,
 For Punk is rooted in my Nature;
 You knew my Mother, and you find
 That Cat will always after kind.

(*) *Querenti, O rectis urbis sine fine furenti,
 Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creüſæ,
 Visa mihi ante oculos.* —

(x) *Quid tantum infano juvat indulgere dolori,
 O dulcis conjux? non hæc sine numine divum
 Eveniunt.* —

Come good Doll common, budg there, will ye?
Yes, yes, so she pray'd me to tell ye,
You goodman Brandy-face, unfist her;
How durst you keep my wife? — your sister.

(y) Says she, for your self, if you please,
You may in Wherry skim on Seas:

But for my part, I will not stir;
And so your humble trout, sweet Sir.

(z) But first I beg you'd take compassion
On our young brat of fornication.

Then laying hand on Bum just farting,
Says she, dear Pug, come kiss at parting:
Now fare thee well most heartily;

(a) And so be hang'd, that's twice Godby'.

With that the light-heel'd, slipp'ry Jade
Out at back-door her self convey'd;

And straight away with Spark she went,
Bearing his Knap sack back to Tent.

(b) To th' place agen I trot, where I
Had whilom left my company.

(y) *Longa tibi exilia, & vastum maris æquor arandum.*
Non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumve superbas
Aspiciam. — — —

(z) — — — nati servas communis amorem.

(a) Jamque vale. — — —
Hæc ubi dicta dedit, — — —

— — — tenuesque recessit in auras.

(b) Sic demum socios consumptâ nocte reviso,
Atque hic ingentem comitum affluxisse novorum
Invenio admirans numerum: matresque, virosque,
Collectam exilio pubem, miserabile vulgus.
————— animis opibusque parati,
In quasunque velim pelago deducere terras.

I find whole hundreds flockt in hither,
 Tag, rag, and long-tail all together,
 Ready a merry jaunt to take
 With me to th' Devil's arse a-peak ;
 Who with them had prepar'd to carry
 All things for Voyage necessary :
 As Frying-pans, Ladles, Pipkins, Kettles,
 And Spits, to roast and boil their vittles ;
 With pelf in clout ty'd up in bob,
 To keep it safe from rogues that rob.
 (c) Now looking Eastward, I espy'd
 The morn just peeping over *Ide* :
 From hence tow'rs Mountain I departed,
 With purse full light, and heavy hearted :
 Bearing old Stiff-rump on my back,
 A pick a pack,----a pick a pack.

(c) *Jámque jugis summæ surgebat lucifer Ide :
 Cessi, & sublato montem genitore petivi.*

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